

FLOWRES

OF SION:
BY
WILLIAM DRUMMOND
of Hawthorne-denne.
*To which is adjoyned his
Cypresse Groue.*

EDEN-BOVRGH,
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FLOWVRES OF SION:

OR

SPIRITVALL POEMES,

BY

W. D.



T Riumphant Arches, Statues crown'd with Bayes,
 Proude Obeliskes, Tombes of the vastest frame,
 Colosses, brazen *Atlases* of Fame,
 Phanes vaine lie builded to vaine Idoles praise;
 States, which vnfatiate Mindes in blood doe raise,
 From the Crosse-starres vnto the Articke Teame,
 Alas! and what wee write to keepe our Name,
 Like Spiders Caules are made the sport of Dayes:
 All onely constant is in constant Change,
 What done is, is vndone, and when vndone,
 Into some other figure doeth it range;
 Thus moues the restless World beneath the Moone:
 Wherefore (my Minde) aboue Time, Motion, Place,
 Thee raise, and Steppes, not reach'd by Nature trace.

A

A Good



A Good that neuer satisfies the Minde,
 A Beautie fading like the Aprile flowres;
 A Sweete with floodes of Gall that runnes combin'd;
 A Pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
 A Honour that more fickle is than winde,
 A Glorie at Opinions frowne that lowres,
 A Treasurie which Bankrout Time deuoures,
 A Knowledge than graue Ignorance more blind:
 A vaine Delight our equalles to command,
 A Stile of greatnesse, in effect a Dreame,
 A fabulous Thought of holding Sea and Land;
 A seruile Lot, deckt with a pompous Name,
 Are the strange endes wee toyle for heere below,
 Till wisest Death make vs our errores know:



Life a right shadow is;
 For if it long appeare,
 Then is it spent, and Deathes long Night drawes neare;
 Shadowes are mouing, light,
 And is there ought so mouing as is this?
 When it is most in Sight,
 It steales away, and none can tell how, where,
 So neere our Cradles to our Coffines are.



Looke how the Flowre, which lingringlie doth fade,
 The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queene,
 Spoyl'd of that Iuice, which kept it fresh and greene,
 As high as it did raise, bowes low the head:
 Right so my Life (Contentments beeing dead,
 Or in their Contraries but onelie scene)
 With swifter speede declines than earst it spred,
 And (blasted) scarce now shewes what it hath beene.
 As doth the Pilgrime therefore whom the Night
 By darknesse would imprison on his way,
 Thinke on thy Home (my Soule) and thinke aright,
 Of what yet restes thee of Lifes wasting Day:
 Thy Sunne postes Westward, passed is thy Morne,
 And twice it is not giuen thee to bee borne.



THe wearie Mariner so fast not flies
 An howling Tempest, Harbour to attaine,
 Nor Sheepheard hastes, when frayes of Wolues arise,
 So fast to Fold to saue his bleeting Traine:
 As I (wing'd with Contempt and just Disdaine)
 Now flie the World, and what it most doth prize,
 And Sanctuarie seeke, free to remaine
 From wounds of abject Times, and Enuies eyes,
 Once did this World to mee seeme sweete and faire,
 VVhile Senses light Mindes prospectiue kept blind,
 Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Aire,
 And weeping Raine-bowes, her best Ioyes I finde:
 Or if ought heere is had that praise should haue,
 It is a Life obscure, and silent Graue.



Too long I followed haue on fond Desire;
 And too long painted on deluding Streames;
 Too long refreshment sought in burning Fire,
 Runne after Ioyes which to my Soule were Blames;
 Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
 And prou'd of Lifes delights the last extreames,
 I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Bryer,
 A nought, a thought, a show of golden Dreames;
 Hence-foorth on Thee (mine onelie Good) I thinke,
 For onelie Thou canst grant what I doe craue,
 Thy Nailes my Pennes shall bee, thy Blood mine Inke,
 Thy winding-sheete my Paper, Studie Graue:
 And till that Soule from Bodie parted bee,
 No hope I haue, but onelie onelie Thee.



Of this faire Volumne which wee World doe name,
 If wee the sheetes and leaues could turne with care,
 Of Him who it correctes, and did it frame,
 Wee cleare might read the Art and Wisedome rare?
 Finde out his Power which wildest Pow'rs doth tame,
 His Prouidence extending euerie-where,
 His Iustice which proud Rebels doeth not spare,
 In euerie Page, no, Period of the same:
 But fillie vvee (like foolish Children) rest
 Well pleas'd with colour'd Velame, Leaues of Gold,
 Faire dangling Ribbones, leauing what is best,
 On the great VVriters sense nee'r taking hold;
 Or if by chance our Mindes doe muse on ought,
 It is some Picture on the Margine wrought.

The



THe Griefe was common, common were the Cryes,
 Teares, Sobbes, and Groanes of that afflicted Train,
 Which of Gods chosen did the Summe containe,
 And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies;
 All good had left the World, each Vice did raigne,
 In the most hideous shapes Hell could deuise,
 And all degrees, and each Estate did staine,
 Nor further had to goe, whom to surprise:
 The VVorld beneath the Prince of Darknesse lay,
 In euerie Phane who had himselfe install'd,
 Was sacrific'd vnto, by Prayers call'd,
 Responses gaue, which (Fooles) they did obey:
 VVhen (pittying Man) God of a Virgines wombe
 Was borne, and those false Deities strooke dombe.



RVnne (Sheepheards) run where *Bethleme* blest appears,
 VVee bring the best of newes, bee not dismay'd,
 A Sauour there is borne, more olde than yeares,
 Amidst Heauens rolling hights this Earth who stay'd;
 In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide
 A weakling did him beare, who all vpbeares,
 There is hee poorelie swadl'd, in Manger lai'd,
 To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares:
 Runne (Sheepheards) runne, and solemnize his Birth,
 This is that Night, no, Day growne great with Blisse,
 In which the power of *Sathan* broken is,
 In Heauen bee glorie, Peace vnto the Earth.

Thus singing through the Aire the Angels swame,
 And Cope of Starres re-echoed the same.



O Than the fairest Day, thrice fairer Night!
 Night to best Dayes in which a Sunne doth rise,
 Of which that golden Eye, which cleares the Skies,
 Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow light:
 And blessed yee (in fillie Pastors sight)
 Milde Creatures, in whose warme Cribbe now lyes
 That Heauen-sent Yongling, holie-Maide-borne VVight;
 Midst, end, beginning of our Propheties:
 Blest Cotage that hath Flowres in VVinter spred,
 Though withered blessed Grasse; that hath the grace
 To decke, and bee a Carpet to that Place.

Thus sang, vnto the Soundes of oaten Reed,
 Before the Babe, the Shepheards bow'd on knees,
 And Springs ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.



TO spread the azure Canopie of Heauen;
 And make it twinkle with those spangs of Gold,
 To stay this weightie masse of Earth so euen,
 That it should all, and nought should it vp-hold;
 To giue strange motions to the Planets seuen,
 Or Ioue to make so meeke, or Mars so bold,
 To temper what is moist, drie, hote, and cold,
 Of all their Iarres that sweete accords are giuen:
 LORD, to thy VVisedome nought is, nor thy Might;
 But that thou shouldst (thy Glorie laid aside)
 Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,
 And die for those deseru'd eternallie pligh,
 A wonder is so farre about our wit,
 That Angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.

The



THe last and greatest Herauld of Heauens King,
 Girt with rough Skinnes, hyes to the Desarts wilde,
 Among that sauage brood the Woods foorth bring,
 Which hee than Man more harmlesse found and milde;
 His food was Blossomes, and what yong doth spring,
 VVith Honey that from virgine Hiues distil'd,
 Parcht Bodie, hollow Eyes, some vncouth thing
 Made him appeare, long since from Earth exilde.
 There burst hee foorth; All yee, whose Hopes relye
 On God, vvith mee amidst these Desarts mourne,
 Repent, repent, and from olde errors turne.
 Who listned to his voyce, obey'd his crye:
 Onelie the Ecchoes which hee made relent,
 Rung from their Marble Caues, repent, repent.



THese Eyes (deare Lord) once Brandons of Desire,
 Fraile Scoutes betraying vvhat they had to keepe,
 Which their owne heart, than others set on fire,
 Their traitrous blacke before thee heere out-weep:
 These Lockes, of blushing deedes the faire attire,
 Smooth-frizled Waues, sad Shelves which shadow deepe,
 Soule-stinging Serpents in gilt curls which creepe,
 To touch thy sacred Feete doe now aspire.
 In Seas of Care behold a sinking Barke,
 By windes of sharpe Remorse vnto thee driuen,
 O let mee not expos'd be Ruines marke,
 My faults confest (Lord) say they are forgiuen.
 Thus sigh'd to Iesus the Bethanian faire,
 His teare-wet Feete still drying with her Haire.



I Countries chang'd, new pleasures out to finde,
 But *Ab!* for pleasure new I found new paine,
 Enchanting pleasure so did Reason blind,
 That Fathers loue, and wordes I scorn'd as vaine:
 For Tables rich, for bed, for frequent traine
 Of carefull seruants to obserue my Minde,
 These Heardes I keepe my fellowes are assign'd,
 My Bed a Rocke is, Hearbes my Life sustaine.
 Now while I famine feele, feare worser harmes,
 Father and Lord I turne, thy Loue (yet great)
 My faults will pardon, pittie mine estate.

This, where an aged Oake had spread its Armes,
 Thought the lost Child, while as the Heardes hee led,
 Not farre off on the ackornes wilde them fed,



If that the World doth in a maze remaine,
 To heare in what a sad deploring mood,
 The Pelican powres from her brest her Blood,
 To bring to life her younglinges backe againe?
 How should wee wonder of that soueraigne Good,
 Who from that Serpents sting (that had vs slaine)
 To saue our liues, shed his Lifes purple flood,
 And turn'd in endlesse Ioy our endlesse Paine?
 Vngratefull Soule, that charm'd with false Delight,
 Hast long long wandr'd in Sinnes flowrie Path,
 And didst not thinke at all, or thoughtst not right
 On this thy Pelicanes great Loue and Death,
 Heere pause, and let (though Earth it scorne) Heauen see
 Thee powre forth teares to him powr'd Blood for thee.



IF, when farre in the East yee doe behold
 Foorth from his Christall Bed the Sunne to rise,
 With rosie Robes and Crowne of flaming Gold?
 If gazing on that Empresse of the Skies,
 That takes so many Formes, and those faire Brands,
 Which blaze in Heauens high Vault, Nights watchfull eyes?
 If Seeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands
 Of bellowing Billowes haue their course confin'd,
 How unsustain'd the Earth still steadfast stands:
 Poore mortall Wights, yee e're found in your Minde
 A thought, that some great King did sit aboue,
 Who had such Lawes and Rites to them assign'd;
 A King who fix'd the Poles made Spheares to moue,
 All Wisedome, purenesse, Excellence, and Might,
 All Goodnesse, Greatnesse, Iustice, Beauty, Loue:
 With feare and wonder hither turne your Sight,
 See, see (alas) Him now, not in that State
 Thought could fore-cast Him into Reasons light.
 Now Eyes with teares, now Hearts with griefe make great,
 Bemoane this cruell Death and dreary case,
 If euer plaints iust Woe could aggrauate?
 From Sinne and Hell to saue vs, humane Race,
 See this great King naill'd to an abiect Tree,
 An obiect of reproach and sad disgrace.
 O unheard Pitty, Loue in strange degree!
 Hee his owne Life doth giue, his Blood doth shed,
 For Wormelings base such Excellence to see.
 Poore Wights, behold His Visage pale as Lead,
 His Head bow'd to His Brest, Lockes sadlie rent,
 Like a cropt Rose that languishing doth fade.

Weake Nature weepe, astonish'd World lament,
 Lament, yee Windes, you Heauen that all containes,
 And thou (my Soule) let nought thy Griefe relent.
 Those Hands, those sacred Hands which hold the raines
 Of this great All, and kept from mutuall warres
 The Elements, beare rent for thee their Veines;
 Those feete which once must trade on golden Starres,
 For thee with nailes would bee pierc'd through and torne,
 For thee Heauens King from Heauen himselfe debarres.
 This great heart-quaking Dolour waile and mourne,
 Yee that long since Him saw by might of Faith,
 Yee now that are, and yee yet to bee borne.
 Not to behold his great Creators Death,
 The Sunne from sinfull eyes hath vail'd his light,
 And faintly iourneyes vp Heauens saphire Path.
 And, custing from her Browes her Tresses bright,
 The Moone doth keepe her Lords sad Obsequies,
 Impearling with her Teares this Robe of Night.
 All staggering and lazie lowre the Skies,
 The Earth and elemental Stages quake,
 The long since dead from burstled Graues arise.
 And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
 And beare a Part with him who all them wrought?
 And Man (though borne with cries) shall pittie lacke?
 Thinke what had beene your state, had hee not brought
 To these sharpe Pangs himselfe, and priz'd so hie
 Your Soules, that with his Life them life Hee bought.
 What Woes doe you attend, if still yee lie
 Plung'd in your wonted ordures, wretched Brood,
 Shall for your sake againe G O D euer die?
 O leaue deluding shewes, embrace true good,
 Hee on you calles, forgoe Sinnes shamefull trade,
 With Prayers now seeke Heauen, and not with Blood,

Let not the Lambes more from their Dames bee had,
 Nor Altars blush for Sinne; liue euery thing,
 That long time long'd-for sacrifice is made.
 All that is from you crow'd by this great King
 Is so belecue, a pure Heart Incense is,
 What gift (alas) can wee him meaner bring?
 Hasten sinne-sicke Soules, this season doe not misse,
 Now while remorselesse time doth grant you space,
 And GOD inuites you to your only Blisse.
 Hee who you calles will not denie you Grace,
 But low-deepe burie faultis, so yee repent,
 His armes (loe) stretched are you to embrace.
 When Dayes are done, and Lifes small sparke is spent,
 So yee accept what freely here is giuen,
 Like brood of Angels, deathlesse, all content,
 Yee shall for euer liue with him in Heauen.



Come forth, come forth yee blest triumphing Bands,
 Faire Citizens of that immortall Towne,
 Come see that King which all this All commands,
 Now (ouercharg'd with Loue) die for his owne;
 Looke on those Nailles which pierce his Feete and Hands,
 What a sharpe Diademe his Browes doth crowne;
 Behold his pallid Face, his Eyes which sowne,
 And what a Throng of Theeues him mocking stands.
 Come forth yee empyrean Troupes, come forth,
 Preferue this sacred Blood that Earth adorne,
 Those liquid Roses gather off his Thornes,
 O! to bee lost they bee of too much worth:
 For streams, Iuice, Balm they are, which quench, kils, charmes
 Of GOD, Death, Hel, the wrath, the life, the harmes.



Soule, which to Hell wast thrall,
 Hee, Hee for thine offence,
 Did suffer Death, who could not die at all.
 O soueraigne Excellence,
 O Life of all that liues,
 Eternall Bounty which each good thing giues,
 How could Death mount so hie ?
 No wit this hight can reach,
 Faith only doth vs teach,
 For vs Hee died, at all who could not dye.



L Ife to giue life depriued is of *Life*,
 And Death displai'd hath ensigne against *Death*;
 So violent the Rigour was of *Death*,
 That nought could daunt it but the *Life of Life*:
 No Power had Pow'r to thrall *Lifes* pow'r to *Death*,
 But willingly *Life* hath abandon'd *Life*,
 Loue gaue the wound which wrought this work of *Death*,
 His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of *Life*.
 Now quakes the Author of eternall *Death*,
 To finde that they whom earst he rest of *Life*
 Shall fill his Roome about the listes of *Death*:
 Now all reioyce in *Death* who hope for *Life*.
 Dead I = vs lies, who *Death* hath kill'd by *Death*,
 His Tombe no Tombe is, but new Source of *Life*.

Rise



Rise from those fragrant Climes thee now embrace,
 Vnto this world of ours O haste thy Race,
 Faire Sunne, and though contrary-ways all yeare
 Thou hold thy course, now with the highest Spheare
 Ioyne thy swift Wheelles, to hasten time that lowres,
 And lazie Minutes turne in perfect Houres;
 The Night and Death too long a league haue made,
 To stow the world in Horrors ugly shade.
 Shake from thy Lockes a Day with saffron Rayes
 So faire, that it out shine all other dayes;
 And yet doe not presume (great Eye of light)
 To be that which this Day shall make so bright:
 See, an eternall Sunne hastes to arise,
 Not from the Easterne blushing Seas or Skies,
 Or any stranger Worlds Heauens Concaues haue,
 But from the Darknesse of an hollow Graue:
 And this is that all-powerfull Sunne aboue,
 That crownd thy Browes with Rayes, first made thee moue.
 Lights Trumpetters, ye neede not from your Bowres
 Proclaime this Day, this the angelike Powres
 Haue done for you; But now an opall hew
 Bepaintes Heauens Christall, to the longing view
 Earths late hid Colours glance, Light doth adorne.
 The World, and (weeping Ioy) forth comes the Morne;
 And with her, as from a Lethargicke Transe
 Breath (com'd againe) that Bodie doth aduance,
 Which two sad Nights in rocke lay coffin'd dead,
 And with an iron Guard inuironed,

Life out of Death, Light out of Darknesse springs,
 From a base Taile forth comes the King of kings:
 What late was mortall, shalld to euery woe,
 That lackeyes life, or upon fence doth grow,
 Immortall is, of an eternall Stampe,
 Farre brighter beaming than the morning Lampe.
 So from a blacke Eclipse outpeeres the Sunne:
 Such [when a huge of Dayes haue on her runne,
 In a farre forest in the pearly East,
 And shee her selfe hath burnt and spicie Nest]
 The lonlie Bird with youthfull Pennes and Combe,
 Doth soare from out her Cradle and her Tombe:
 So a Small seede that in the Earth lies hidde
 And dies, reuiuing bursles her cloddie Side,
 Adorn'd with yellow Lockes, of new is borne,
 And doth become a Moither great with Cornes
 Of Graines brings hundreth with it, which when old
 Enrich the Furrowes with a Sea of Gold.

Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile,
 That Hell dost ransacke, against Death preuaile,
 O how thou long'd for comes! with Iubeling cries,
 The all-triumphing Palladines of Skies
 Salute thy rising; Earth would loyes no more
 Beare, if thou rising didst them not restore:
 A silly Tombe should not his flesh enclose,
 vwho did Heauens trembling Tarasses dispose;
 No Monument should such a Iewell hold,
 No Rocke, though Rubie, Diamond, and Gold.
 Thou onely pittie didst vs; humane Race,
 Bestowing on vs of thy free giuen Grace
 More than wee forfeited and loosed first,
 In Edens Rebelle when wee were accurst.
 Then Earth our portion was, Earths loyes but giuen,

Earth and Earths Blisse thou hast exchange'd with Heauen:
 O what a bight of good vpon vs streames
 From the great splendor of thy Bounties Beames!
 When wee deseru'd shame, horreur, flames of wrath,
 Thou bled our wounds, and suffer didst our Death;
 But Fathers Injustice pleas'd, Hell, Death o'rcome,
 In triumph now thou risest from thy Tombe,
 With Glories which past Sorrowes conteruaile,
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

Hence humble sense, and hence yee Guides of sense,
 Wee now reach Heauen, your weake intelligence
 And searching Pow'rs, were in a flash made dim,
 To learne from all eternitie, that him.
 The Father bred, then that hee here did come
 (His Bearers Parent) in a Virgins Wombe;
 But then when sold, betray'd, scourg'd, crown'd with Thorne
 Nail'd to a Tree, all breathlesse, bloodlesse, torne,
 Entomb'd, him rising from a Graue to finde,
 Confounds your Cunning, turnes like Moles you blinde.
 Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
 Nay, didst each other Birth eate vp and waste,
 Imperious, hatefull, pittilesse, uniu'st,
 Vnpartiall Equaller of all with dust,
 Sterne Executioner of heauenly doome,
 Made fruitfull, now Lifes Mother art become,
 A sweete releife of cares, the Soule molest,
 An Harbinger to Glory, Peace and Rest,
 Put off thy mourning Weedes, yeeld all thy Gall
 To daylie sinning Life, proud of thy fall,
 Assemble thy Captines; bid all hast to rise,
 And euerie Corse in Earth quakes where it lies,
 Sound from each flowrie Graue, and rockie laile,
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

*The World, that wanning late and faint did lie,
 Applauding to our ioyes thy Victorie,
 To a yong Prime essayes to turne againe,
 And as ere soyld with Sinne yet to remaine,
 Her chilling Agues shee beginnes to misse,
 All Blisse returning with the LORD of Blisse.
 With greater light Heauens Temples opened shine,
 Mornes smiling rise, Euens blushing doe decline,
 Cloudes dappled glister, boisterous Windes are calme,
 Soft Zephires doe the Fields with sighes embalme,
 In armell blew the Sea bath husht his Roares,
 And with enamour'd Curles doth kisse the Shoares.
 All-bearing Earth, like a new-married Queene,
 Her Beauties hightenes, in a Gowne of Greene
 Perfumes the Aire, Her Meades are wrought with Flowres,
 In colours various, figures, smelling, powres;
 Trees wanton in the Groues with leaue Lockes,
 Her Hilles empampred stand, the Vales, the Rockes
 Ring Peales of ioy, her Floods her christall Brookes
 (The Meadows tongues) with many maz-like Crookes,
 And whispering murmures, sound vnto the Maine,
 That Worlds pure Age returned is againe.
 The honny People leaue their golden Bowres,
 And innocently pray on budding Flowres;
 In gloomy Shades, pearcht on the tender Sprayes,
 The painted Singers fill the Aire with Layes:
 Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, all diuerslie doe sound,
 Yet all their diuerse Notes haue but one ground,
 Re-ecchoed here downe from Heauens azure Vaile,
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.*

*O Day! on which Deathes Adamantine Chaine
 The LORD did breake, ransacking Satans Raigne,
 And in triumphing Pompe his Trophees rear'd,*

Bee thou blest euer, hence forth still endear'd
 With Name of his owne Day; the Law to Gract,
 Types to their Substance yeelde, to Thee gine place
 The olde New-Moones, with all festiuall Dayes,
 And vvhhat about the rest deserueth praise
 The reuerent Saboth; vvhhat could else they bee,
 Than golden Heraulds, telling vvhhat by thee
 Wee should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou cleare,
 And hence forth bee thou Empresse of the Tearcs
 This Glorie of thy Sisters sex to winne,
 From worke on thee, as other Dayes from sinne,
 That Man-kind shall forbearc, in euerie place
 The Prince of Planets vvarmeth in his race;
 And farre beyond his Pathes in frozen Climes:
 And may thou bee so blest to out-date Times,
 That vvhhen Heauens Quire shall blaze in accents lowd,
 The manie mercies of their Soueraigne Good,
 How hee on thee did sinne, Death, Hell destroy,
 It may bee aye the Antheme of their Ioy.





B Right Portalles of the Skie,
 Emboss'd wvith sparkling Starres,
 Doores of Eternitie,
 Vvith diamantine barres,
 Your Arras rich vp.hold,
 Loose all your bolts and Springs,
 Ope wyde your Leaues of gold;
 That in your Roofes may come the King of Kings.
 Scarff'd in a rosie Cloud,
 Hee doth ascend the Aire,
 Straight doth the Moone him shrowd
 With her resplendant Haire;
 The next enchristall'd Light
 Submits to him its Beames,
 And hee doth trace the hight
 Of that faire Lamp which flames of beautie streames. ¶
 Hee towers those golden Bounds
 Vvee did to Sunne bequeath,
 The higher wandring Rounds
 Are found his Feete beneath;
 The milkie-way comes neare,
 Heauens Axell seemes to bend,
 About each turning Spheare
 That roab'd in Glorie Heauens King may ascend.
 O Well-spring of this All,
 Thy Fathers Image viue,
 Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason, liue;
 The Soules eternall Foode,

Earth's

*Earths Ioy, Delights of Heauen;
All Truth, Lone, Beautie, Good,
To Thee, to Thee bee praises ever giuen.*

*What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble Frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect scene;
Streames which diuerted were
(And troubled strayed uncleane)
From their first Source, by Thee home turned are.*

*By Thee that blemish old,
Of Edens leprous Prince,
Which on his Race tooke hold,
And him exyl'd from thence,
Now put away is farre;
With Sword, in irefull guise,
No Cherub more shall barre
Poore man the Entries into Paradise.*

*By Thee those Spirits pure,
First Children of the Light,
Now fixed stand and sure,
In their eternall Right;
Now humane Companies
Renew their ruin'd Wall,
Fall'n man as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giu'st to Angels that they shall not fall.*

*By Thee that Prince of Sinne,
That doth with mischief swell,
Hath lost what hee did winne,
And shall endungeon'd dwell;*

His spoyle are made thy pray,
 His Phanes are sackt and torne,
 His Altars raz'd away,
 And what ador'd was late, now lyes a Scorne.
 These Mansions pure and cleare,
 Which are not made by hands,
 Which once by him joy'd were,
 And his (then not stain'd) Bands
 (Now foresaid, dispossess,
 And head-long from them throwne)
 Shall Adams Heires make blest,
 By Thee their great Redeemer made their owne.
 Well-spring of this All,
 Thy Fathers Image viue,
 Word, that from nought did call,
 What is, doth Reason, line;
 Whose worke is, but to will,
 Gods coeternall Sonne,
 Great Banisher of ill,
 By none but Thee could these great Deedes bee done.
 Now each etheriall Gate,
 To him hath opened bin;
 And glories King in state,
 His Pallace enters in;
 Now com'd is this high Prest,
 In the most holie Place,
 Not without Blood adrest,
 With Glorie Heauen the Earth to crowne with Grace.
 Starres which all Eyes were late,
 And did with wonder burne,
 His Name to celebrate,
 In flaming Tongues them turne;
 Their orbye Christales moue

More

More active than before,
 And enthaate from above,
 Their Soueraigne Prince laude, glorifie, adore.
 The Quires of happie Soules,
 Wakt with that Musicke sweete;
 Whose Descant Care controulles,
 Their Lord in Triumph meete;
 The spotlesse Sprighies of light,
 His Trophees doe extole,
 And archt in Squadrons bright,
 Greet their great victor in his Capitole.
 O Glorie of the Heauen,
 O sole Delight of Earth,
 To Thee all power bee giuen,
 Gods vncreated Birth;
 Of Man-kind loner true,
 Indeerer of his wrong,
 Who dost the world renew,
 Still bee thou our Saluation and our Song.
 From Top of Oliuet such notes did rise,
 When mans Redeemer did transcend the Skies.





Beneath a sable vaile, and Shadowes deepe,
 Of Vnaccessible and dimming light,
 In Silence ebane Clouds more blacke than Night,
 The *Worlds great King* his secrets hidde doth keepe:
 Through those Thicke Mistes when any Mortall Wight
 Aspires, with halting pace, and Eyes that weepe,
 To pore, and in his Misteries to creepe,
 With Thunders hee and Lightnings blastes their Sight:
 O Sunne invisible, that dost abide
 Within thy bright abysses, most faire, most darke,
 Where with thy proper Rayes thou dost thee hide:
 O euer-shining, neuer full leene marke,
 To guide mee in Lifes Night, thy light mee show,
 The more I search of thee, The lesse I know.



IF with such passing Beautie, choise Delights,
 The Architect of this great Round did frame
 This Pallace visible (short listes of Fame,
 And fillie Mansion but of dying Wights)
 How many Wonders, what amazing Lights
 Must that triumphing Seat of Glorie clame,
 That doth transcend all this great Alls vaste hights,
 Of whose bright Sunne ours heere is but a Beame:
 O blest abod! O happie dwelling-place!
 Where visiblie th'Invisible doth raigne,
 Blest People which doe see true Beauties Face,
 With whose farre Dawnings scarce he Earth doth daigne:
 All Ioy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
 Match'd with your endlesse Blisse and happie life.

Lone



L One which is heere a Care,
 That Wit and Will doth marre;
 Vncertaine Truce, and a most certaine Warre;
 A shrill tempestuous VVinde,
 Which doth disturbe the minde,
 And like wilde Waues our designs all commoue:
 Among those Powres above,
 Which see their Makers Face,
 Is a contentment is, a quiet Peace,
 A Pleasure voide of Griefe, a constant Rest,
 Eternall Ioy, which nothing can molest.



T Hat space, where raging Waues doe now diuide
 From the great Continent our happie Isle,
 Was some-time Land, and where tall Shippes doe glide,
 Once with deare Arte the crooked Plough did tyle:
 Once those faire Bounds stretcht out so farre and wide,
 Where Townes, no, Shires enwall'd, endeare each mile,
 Were all ignoble Sea, and marish vile,
 Where *Protens* Flockes danc'd measures to thee Tyde.
 So Age transforming all still forward runnes,
 No wonder though the Earth doth change her face,
 New Manners, Pleasures new, turne with new Sunnes;
 Lockes now like Gold grow to an hoarie grace;
 Nay, Mindes rare shape doth change, that lyes despil'd
 Which was so deare of late and highlie pris'd.



THis world a Hunting is,
 The Pray poore Man, the Nimrod fierce is Death,
 His speedie Greyhounds are,
 Lust, sicknesse, Enuie, Care,
 Strife that neere falles amisse,
 With all those ills which haunt vs while wee breath.
 Now, if (by chance) wee flie
 Of these the eager Chase,
 Old Age with stealing Pace,
 Castes up his Nets, and there wee panting die.



WHy (worldlings) do ye trust fraile honours dreams?
 And leane to guilted Glories which decay:
 Why doe yee toyle to registrate your Names
 On ycie Pillars, which soone melt away?
 True Honour is not heere, that place it clames,
 Where blacke-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
 Nor no farre-shining Lamp diues in the Sea,
 But an eternall Sunne spreades lasting Beames:
 There it attendeth you, where spotlesse Bands
 Of Spirits, stand gazing on their Soueraigne Blisse,
 Where yeeres not hold it in their canckring hands,
 But who once noble, euer noble is.
 Look e home, lest hee your weakned Wit make thrall,
 Who Edens foolish Gardner earst made fall.

As



AS are those Apples, pleasant to the Eye,
 But full of Smoke within, which vse to grow
 Neere that strange Lake, where God pow'd from the Skie
 Huge showres of Flames, worse flames to ouer-throw;
 Such are their workes that with a glaring Show
 Of humble Holinesse, in Vertues dye,
 Would colour Mischiefe, while within they glow
 With coales of Sinne, though none the Smoake descrie.
 Ill is that Angell which earst fell from Heauen,
 But not more ill than hee, nor in worse case,
 Who hides a traitrous Minde with smiling face;
 And with a Doves white feathers maskes a Rauē:
 Each Sinne some colour hath it to adorne,
 Hypocrisie Allmighty God doth scorne.



New doth the Sunne appeare,
The Mountaines Snowes decay,
Crown'd with fraile Flowres foorth comes the Babie yeare.
My Soule, Time postes away,
And thou yet in that Frost
Which Flowre and fruits hath lost,
As if all beere immortall were, dost stay:
For shame thy Powers awake,
Looke to that Heauen which neuer Night makes blacke,
And there, at that immortall Sunnes bright Rayes,
Decke thee with Flowers which feare not rage of Dayes.

D

Thrice



THrice happie hee, who by some shadie Groue,
 Farre from the clamorous VVorld, doth liue his owne,
 Though solitarie, who is not alone,
 But doth conuerse with that Eternall Loue:
 O! how more sweete is Birds harmonious Moane,
 Or the hoarse Sobblings of the widow'd Doue;
 Than those smooth whisperings neere a Princes Throne,
 VVhich Good make doubtfull doe the euill approue?
 O! how more sweet is Zephires wholesome Breath,
 And Sighes embalm'd, which new-borne Flowrs vnfold,
 Than that applause vaine Honour doth bequeath?
 How sweete are Streames to poison drunke in Gold?
 The World is full of Horrors, Troubles, Sights,
 Woods harmelesse Shades haue only true Delights.



Sweet Bird, that sing'st away the early Howres,
 Of Winters past or comming void of Care,
 Well pleased with Delights which Present are,
 Faire Seasones, budding Sprayes, sweet-smelling Flowers:
 To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leauy Bowres.
 Thou thy Creators Goodnesse dost declare,
 And what deare Gifts on thee hee did not spare,
 A Staine to humane fence in sinne that lowres.
 What Soule can be so sicke, which by thy Songs
 (Attir'd in sweetnesse) sweetly is not driuen
 Quite to forget Earths turmoiles, spights, and wrongs,
 And lift a reuerend Eye and Thought to Heaven?
 Sweet Artlesse Songstarre, thou my Minde dost raise
 To Ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels Lays.

As



AS When it hapneth that some louely Towne
 Vnto a barbarous Besieger fallcs,
 Who there by Sword and Flame himselfe enstalles,
 And (Cruell) it in Teares and Blood doth drowne,
 Her Beauty spoyl'd, her Citizens made Thralles,
 His spight yet so cannot her all throw downe,
 But that some Statue, Arch, Phan of renowne,
 Yet lurkes vnmaym'd within her weeping walles:
 So after all the Spoile, Disgrace, and Wrake,
 That Time, the World, and Death could bring combind,
 Amidst that Masse of Ruines they did make,
 Safe and all scarre-lesse yet remains my Minde:
 From this so high transcending Rapture springes,
 That I, all else defac'd, not enuie Kinges.



More oft than once, Death whisper'd in mine Eare,
 Graue what thou heares in Diamond and Gold,
 I am that Monarch whom all Monarches feare,
 Who hath in Dust their farre-stretch'd Pride vproll'd.
 Allall is mine beneath Moones siluer Spheare,
 And nought, saue Vertue, Can my power withhold:
 This (not belieu'd) Experience true Thee told,
 By Danger late when I to Thee came neare.
 As Bugbeare then my Visage I did show,
 That of my Horrors thou right Vse mightst make,
 And a more sacred Path of liuing take:
 Now still walke armed for my ruthlesse Blow,
 Trust flattering Life no more, Redeeme Time past,
 And Liue each Day as if it were thy Last,



L Et vs each day enure our selues to dye;
 If this (and not our Feares) be truly Death ;
 About the Circles both of Hope and Faith
 With faireimmortall pinniones to flie ?
 If this be Death our best Part to vntie
 (By ruining the Iaile) from Lust and Wrath,
 And euery drowfie languor heere beneath,
 It turning deniz'd Citizen of Skie?
 To haue, more knowledge than all Bookes containe,
 All Pleasures euen surmounting wishing Powre,
 The fellowship of Gods immortall Traine,
 And these that Time nor force shall er'e deuoure ?
 If this be Death ? what Ioy, what golden care
 Of Life, can with Deaths ouglinesse compare ?



A *Midst the azure cleare*
Of Iordans sacred Streames,
Iordan of Libanon the of spring deare ;
When Zephires Flowers vnclose,
And Sonne shines with new Beames,
With graue and stately Grace a Nimphe arose.
Vpon her Head she ware
Of Amaranthes a Crowne,
Her left hand Palmes, her right a Brandon bare,
Vnvail'd Skinnes whitenesse lay,
Gold haire in Curles hang downe,

Eye

Eyes sparkled Ioy, more bright than Starre of Day,
The Flood a Throne her rear'd
 Of Waues, most like that Heauen
 Where beaming Starres in Glorie turne ensphear'd;
 The Aire stood calme and cleare,
 No Sigh by Windes was given,
 Birdes left to sing, Heardes feed, her voyce to heare.
World-wandering sorrie Wights,
 Whom nothing can content
 Within those varying listes of Dayes and Nights,
 Whose life (ere knowne amisse)
 In glittering Griefes is spent,
 Come learne (said shee) what is your choicest Blisse.
From Toyle and pressing Cares
 How yee may respite finde,
 A Sanctuarie from Soule-thralling Snares,
 A Port to harbour sure
 In sight of waues and winde,
 Which shall when Times Houre-glasse is runne endur'd.
Not happie is that Life
 Which yee as happie hold,
 No, but a Sea of feares, a field of Strife,
 Charg'd on a Throne to sit
 With Diadems of Gold,
 Preseru'd by Force, and still observ'd by Wit:
Huge Treasures to enioy,
 Of all her Gemmes spoyle Inde,
 All Seres silke in Garments to imploy,
 Deliciously to feed,
 The Phenix plumes to finde
 To rest upon, or decke your purple Bed.

Faile

Fraile Beautie to abuse,
 And (wanton Sybarites)
 On past or present touch of sense to muse;
 Neuer to heare of Noife
 But what the Eare delites,
 Sweet musicks Charmes, or charming Flatterers voice.
 Nor can it Blisse you bring,
 Hidde Natures Depthes to know,
 Why Matter changeth, whence each Forme doth spring;
 Nor that your Fame should range,
 And after-Worlds is blow
 From Tanäis to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
 All these haue not the Powre
 To free the Minde from feares,
 Nor hideous horror can allay one howre,
 When Death in Steele doth glance,
 In Sicknesse lurke or yeares,
 And wakes the Soule from out her mortall Trance.
 No, but blest Life is this,
 With chaste and pure desire,
 To turne vnto the Load-starre of all Blisse,
 On GOD the Minde to rest,
 Burnt vp with sacred Fire,
 Possessing him, to bee by him possest.
 When to the baulmie East
 Sunne doth his light impart,
 Or When hee diueth in the lowlie VVest,
 And rauisheth the Day,
 VVith spoilelesse Hands and Hart
 Him chearefully to praise and to him pray.
 To heed each action so,
 As euer in his sight,

More

More fearing doing ill than passiue woe,
 Not to seeme other thing
 Than what yee are aright,
 Neuer to doe what may Repentance bring:
 Not to bee blowne with Pride,
 Nor men'd at Glories breath,
 Which Shadow-like on wings of Time doth glide;
 So Malice to disarm,
 And conquere hastie Wrath,
 As to doe good to those that Worke your harme:
 To hatch no base Desires
 Or Gold or Land to gaine,
 Well pleas'd with what by Vertue one acquires,
 To haue the Wis and Will
 Consorting in one Straine,
 Than what is good to haue no higher skill.
 Neuer on Neighbours well,
 With Cocatrices Eye
 To looke, and make an others Heauen your Hell;
 Not to be Beauties Thrall,
 All fruitlesse Loue to flie,
 Yet louing still a Loue transcending all.
 A Loue which while it burnes
 The Soule with fairest Beames,
 In that vncreatde Sunne the Soule it turnes,
 And makes such Beautie proue,
 That (if Sense saw her Gleames?)
 All lookers on would pine and die for loue.
 Who such a life doth liue,
 Yee happie euen may call,
 Ere ruthlesse Death a wished end him giue,
 More happie by his fall,

And

And after then when given,
 For Humanes, Earth, enjoying Angels, Heaven.
 Swift is your mortall Race,
 And glassie is the Field,
 Vaste are Desires not limited by Grace;
 Life a weake Tapper is,
 Then while it light doth yeeld
 Leauelyng ioyes, embrace this lasting Blisse.
 This when the Nimph had said,
 Shee diu'd within the Flood,
 Whose Face with smyling Curles long after staid.
 Then Sighes did Zephyres presse,
 Birdes sang from euery Wood,
 And Ecchoes rang, this was true Happinesse.



An



AN HYMNE OF THE FAIREST FAIRE.

I Feele my Bosome glow with wontlesse Fires,
Rai'd from the vulgar prease my Mind aspires
(Wing'd with high Thoghts) vnto his praise to clime;
From deepe Eternitie who call'd foorth Time;
That Essence which not mou'd makes each thing moue,
Vncreat'd Beautie all-creating Loue;
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My Heart appall'd, enfeebled restes my Sight;
Thicke Cloudes benighte my labouring Engine,
And at my high Attempts my Wits repine.
If thou in mee this sacred Rapture wrought,
My Knowledge sharpen, Sarcells lend my thought:
Grant mee (Times Father, world-containing King)
A Pow'r, of Thee in pow'rfull Layes to sing,
That as thy Beautie in Earth liues, Heauen shines,
So it may dawne, or shadow in my Lines.

As farre beyond the starrie walles of Heauen,
As is the loftiest of the Planets seuen
Sequestred from this Earth, in purest light,
Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable Night,
Thou, All-sufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou euer-glorious, most excellent,

E

GOD

GOD various in Names, in Essence one,
 High art enstalled on a golden Throne,
 Out-reaching Heauens wide Vastes, the Bounds of nought,
 Transcending all the Circles of our Thought:
 With diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,
 There thou giu'st Lawes, and dost this World command,
 This world of Concords rail'd vnliklie sweete,
 Which like a Ball lyes prostrate to thy Feete.

If so wee may well say (and what wee say,
 Heere wrapt in flesh, led by dimme Reasons ray,
 To show by earthlie Beauties which wee see
 That spirituall Excellence that shines in Thee,
 Good Lord forgive) not farre from thy right Side,
 With curled Lockes *Youth* euer doth abide;
 Rose-checked *Youth*, who garlanded with Flowres,
 Still blooming, ceaselesse vnto thee powres
 Immortall Nectar, in a Cuppe of Gold,
 That by no darts of Ages Thou grow old,
 And as ends and beginnings Thee not clame,
 Successionlesse that Thou bee still the same.

Neare to thy other side resistlesse *Might*,
 From Head to Foote in burnisht Armour dight,
 That rings about him, with a waing Brand,
 And warchfull Eye, great Sentinell doth stand;
 That neither Time nor force in ought impaire
 Thy workmanship, nor harme thine Empire faire,
 Soone to give Death to all againe that would
 Sterne *Discord* raise which thou destroy'd of olds
Discord that Foe to order, Nurse of Warre,
 By which the noblest things dimolisht are:
 But (Calise) Shee no Treason doth deuile,
 When *Might* to nought doth bring her enterprise,

Thy

Thy All-vpholding *Might* her Malice raines,
And her in Hell throwes bound in iron Chaines;

With Lockes in waues of Gold that ebbe and flow,
On yuorie necke, in Robes more white than Snow,
Truth stedfastlie before thee holdes a Glasse,
Indent'd with Gemmes, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall bee: heere, ere ought was wrought,
Thou knewall that thy Pow'r with Time forth-brought,
And more, Things numberlesse which thou couldst make,
That actuallic shall neuer beeing take:
Heere, thou beholdst thy selfe, and (strange) dost proue,
At once the Beautie, Louer and the Loue.

With Faces two (like Sisters) sweetlie faire,
Whose Blossomes no rough Autumne can impaire,
Stands *Providence*, and doth her lookes disperse
Through euerie Corner of this Vniuerse:
Thy *Providence* at once which generall Things
And singulare doth rule, as Empires Kings;
Without whose care this world (lost) would remaine,
As Shippe without a Maister in the Maine,
As Chariot alone, as Bodies proue
Depriu'd of Soules by which they bee, liue, moue.

But who are They which shine thy Throne so neare:
With sacred countenance, and looke seuer,
This in one hand a pondrous Sword doth hold,
Her left staves charg'd with Ballances of Gold;
That with Browes girt with Bayes, sweete-smiling Face,
Doth beare a Brandon, with a babish grace
Two milke-white VVinges him easilie doe moue,
O Shee thy *Iustice* is, and this thy *Loue*!
By this thou brought this Engine great to light,

By that it fram'd in Number, Measure, Weight,
 That destine doth reward to ill and good;
 But Sway of *Iustice* is by *Done* withstood,
 Which did it not relent and mildlie stay,
 This World ere now had had its funerall Day.

What Bands (enclustred) neare to these abide,
 Which into vaste *Infinite* them hide?
Infinite that neither doth admir,
 Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it:
 Heere *Bountie* sparkleth, heere doth *Bountie* shine,
Simplificite, more white than Gelsemine,
Mercie with open wings, ay-varied *Blisse*,
Glorie, and *Ioy*, that *Blesses* darling is.

Ineffable, All-pow'rfull GOD, All-free,
 Thou onelie liu'st, and each thing liues by Thee,
 No Ioy, no, nor Perfection to Thee came
 By the contriuing of this Worlds great Frames:
 Ere Sunne, Moone, Starres beganne their restlesse race,
 Ere paint'd with purple Light was Heauens round Face,
 Ere Aire had Clouds, ere Clouds wept down their shows,
 Ere Sea embraced Earth, ere Earth bare Flowres,
 Thou happie liu'ds World nought to Thee supply'd,
 All in thy selfe thy selfe thou satisfy'd:
 Of Good no slender Shadow doth appeare,
 No age-worne tracke, in Thee which shin'd not cleare,
 Perfections Summe, prime-cause of euerie Cause,
 Midst, end, beginning, where all good doth pause.
 Hence of thy Substance, differing in nought
 Thou in *Eternitie* thy Sonne forth brought,
 The onelie Birth of thy vnchanging Minde,
 Thine Image. Paterne-like that euer shin'd,
 Light out of Light, begotten not by VVill,

But

But Nature, all and that same Essence still
 VVhich thou thy selfe; for thou dost nought possesse
 VVhich hee hath not, in ought nor is hee lesse
 Than Thou his great Begetter; of this Light,
 Eternall, double, kindled was thy Spright
 Eternallie, who is with Thee the same,
 All-holie Gift, Embassadour, Knot, Flame:
 Most sacred, Triade, O most holie One,
 Vnprocreat'd Father, euer-procreat'd Sonne,
 Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are, aye shall bee
 (Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
 Vncomprehensible by reachlesse Hight,
 And vnperceiued by excessiue Light,
 So in our Soules, three and yet one are still,
 The Vnderstanding, Memorie, and Will;
 So (though vnlike) the Planet of the Dayes,
 So soone as hee was made begate his Rayes,
 VVhich are his Ofspring, and from both was hurl'd
 The rosie Light which comfort doth the VVorld,
 And none fore-went an other: so the Spring,
 The Well-head, and the Streame which they forth bring,
 Are but one selfe-same Essence, nor in ought
 Doe differ, saue in order, and our Thought
 No Chime of time discernes in them to fall,
 But three distinctlie bide one Essence all.
 But these expresse not Thee; who can declare
 Thy beeing? Men and Angels dazel'd are:
 VVho force this Eden would with wit or sence,
 A Cherubin shall finde to barre him thence.
 Alls Architect, Lord of this Uniuerse,
 VVit is ingulph'd that would thy greatnesse pierce;
 Ah! as a Pilgrime who the *Alpes* doth passe,

Or *Atlas* Temples crown'd vvith winters glasse,
 The ayrie *Caucasus*, the *Apennine*,
Pyrenès cliftes where Sunne doth neuer shine,
 VVhen hee some heapes of Hilles hath ouerwent,
 Beginnes to thinke on rest, his Iourney spent,
 Till mounting some tall Mountaine hee doe finde,
 More highs before him than hee left behinde:
 VVith halting pace, so vvhile I vvould mee raise!
 To the vnbounded Circüits of thy praise,
 Some part of way I thought to haue o're-runne,
 But now I see how scarce I haue begunne,
 With vvonders new my Spirits range posselt,
 And vvandring vvaylesse in a maze them rest.

In those vaste Fieldes of Light, etheriall Plaines;
 Thou art attended by immortall Traines
 Of Intelleſuall Pow'rs, which thou brought forth
 To praise thy Goodnesse, and admire thy Worth;
 In numbers passing other Creatures farre,
 Since most in number noblest Creatures are,
 Which doe in Knowledge vs no lesse out-runne,
 Than Moone doth Starres in light, or Moone the Sunne;
 Vnlike, in Orders rang'd and manie a Band,
 (If Beautie in Disparitie doth stand?)
 Arch-Angels, Angels, Cherubes, Seraphines,
 And what with name of Thrones amongst them shines,
 Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Powres,
 All-acting Vertues of those flaming Towres:
 These freed of Vmbrage, these of Labour free,
 Rest rauished with still beholding Thee,
 Inflam'd with Beames which sparkle from thy Face,
 They can no more desire, farre lesse embrace.

Low vnder them, with slow and staggering pace
 Thy hand-Maide *Nature* thy great Steppes doth trace,
 The

The Source of second Causes, golden Chaine
 That linkes this Frame, as thou it doth ordaine;
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious Eye
 That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deitye.
 By *Nature* led those Bodies faire and greate
 Which faint not in their Course, nor change their State,
 Vnintermixt, which no disorder proue,
 Though aye and contrarie they alwayes moue,
 The Organes of thy Prouidence diuine,
 Bookes euer open, Signes that clearelie shine,
 Times purpled Maskers, then doe them aduance,
 As by sweete Musicke in a measur'd Dance.
 Starres, Hoste of heauen, yee Firmaments bright Flowrs,
 Cleare Lampes which ouer-hang this Stage of ours,
 Yee turne not there to decke the Weeds of Night,
 Nor Pageant-like to please the vulgare Sight,
 Great Causes sure yee must bring great Effectes,
 But who can descant right your graue Aspects?
 Hee onlie who You made deciphere can
 Your Notes, Heauens Eyes, yee blinde the Eyes of Man.

Amidst these saphire farre-extending Hights,
 The neuer twinkling euer-wandering Lights
 Their fixed Motions keepe; one drye and cold,
 Deep-leaden colour'd, slowlie there is roll'd,
 With Rule and Line for times steppes measur'd euen;
 In twice three Lustres hee but turnes his Heauen.
 With temperate qualities and Countenance faire,
 Still mildelie smiling sweetlie debonnaire,
 An other cheares the World, and way doth make
 In twice sixe Autumnes through the Zodiacke.
 But hote and drye with flaming lockes and Browes
 Enrag'd, this in his red Pauillion glowes:

Together running with like speede if space;
 Two equallie in hands atchieue their race;
 With blushing Face this oft doth bring the Day,
 And vspheres oft to statelie Starres the way,
 That various in vertue, changing, light,
 With his small Flame engemmes the vaile of Night,
 Prince of this Court, the Sunne in triumph rides,
 With the yeare Snake-like in her selfe that glides;
 Times Dispensator, faire life-giuing Source,
 Through Skies twelue Posts as hee doth runne his course;
 Heart of this All, of what is knowne to Sence
 The likest to his Makers Excellence:
 In whose diurnall motion doth appeare
 A Shadow, no, true pourtrait of the yeare.
 The Moone moues lowest, siluer Sunne of Night;
 Dispersing through the World her borrow'd light,
 Who in three formes her head abroad doth range,
 And onelie constant is in constant Change.

Sad Queene of Silence, I neere see thy Face,
 To waxe, or waine, or shine with a full grace,
 But straight (amaz'd) on Man I thinke, each Day
 His state who changeth, or if hee find Stay,
 It is in drearie anguish, cares, and paines,
 And of his Labours Death is all the Gains.
 Immortall Monarch, can so fond a Thought
 Lodge in my brest: as to trust thou first brought
 Heere in Earths shadie Cloister wretched Man,
 To sucke the Aire of woe, to spend Lifes span
 Midst Sighes and plaints, a stranger vnto Mirth,
 To giue himselife his Death rebuking Birth?
 By sense and wit of Creatures Made King,
 By sense and wit to liue their Vnderling?

And

And what is worst, haue Eaglets eyes to see
 His owne disgrace, and know an high degree
 Of Blisse, the Place, if thereto hee might clime,
 And not liue thrall'd to imperious Time?
 Or (dotard) shall I so from Reason swerue,
 To deeme those Lights which to our vse doe serue,
 (For thou dost not them need) more noblie fram'd
 Than vs, that know their course, and haue them nam'd?
 No, I neere thinke but wee did them surpass
 As farre, as they doe Asterismes of Glasse,
 When thou vs made; by Treason high defil'd,
 Thrust from our first estate wee liue exil'd,
 Wandring this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,
 Where he doth vse the Pow'r which he hath got,
 Indifferent Umpire vnto Clownes and Kings,
 The supream Monarch of all mortall things.

When first this flowrie Orbe was to vs giuen,
 It but in place disuall'd was to Heauen,
 These Creatures which now our Soueraignes are,
 And as to Rebelles doe denounce vs warre,
 Then were our Vassalles, no tumultuous Storme,
 No Thunders, Quakings, did her Forme deforme,
 The Seas in tumbling Mountaines did not roare,
 But like moist Christall whispered on the Shoare,
 No Snake did met her Meads, nor ambush't lowre
 In azure Curles beneath the sweet-Spring Flowre;
 The Nightshade, Henbane, Naple, Aconite,
 Her Bowels then not bare, with Death to smite
 Her guildesse Brood; thy Messengers of Grace,
 As their high Rounds did haunte this lower Place:
 O Ioy of Ioyes! with our first Parents Thou
 To communt then didst daigne, as Friends doe now:

F

Against

Against thee wee rebell'd, and iustly thus,
 Each Creature rebelled against vs,
 Earth, rest of what did chiefe in her excell,
 To all became a laile, to most a Hell,
 In Times full Terme vntill thy Sonne was giuen,
 Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heauen.

Whole and entire all in thy Selfe thou art,
 All-where diffus'd, yet of this *All* no part,
 For infinite, in making this faire Frame,
 (Great without quantitie) in all thou came,
 And filling all, how can thy State admit,
 Or Place or Substance to be voide of it?
 Were Worlds as many, as the Raies which streame
 From Heauens bright Eyes, or madding Wits do dreame,
 They would not reele in nought, nor wandering stray,
 But draw to Thee, who could their Centers stay;
 Were but one houre this World disioyn'd from Thee,
 It in one houre to nought reduc'd should bee,
 For it thy shaddow is, and can they last,
 If seuer'd from the Substances them cast?
 O only blest, and Author of all blisse,
 No Blisse it selfe, that all-where wished is,
 Efficient, exemplarie, finall Good,
 Of thine owne Selfe but onely vnderstood;
 Light is thy Curtaine, thou art Light of Light,
 An euer-waking Eye still shining bright,
 In-lookng all, exempt of passiue powre,
 And change, in change since Deaths pale shade doth lowre.
 All Times to thee are one, that which hath runne,
 And that which is not brought yet by the Sunne,
 To thee are present, who dost alwayes see
 In present act, what past is or to bee.

Day-liuers

Day-liuers wee remembrance doe losse
 Of Ages worne, so Miseries vs tosse,
 (Blinde and lethargicke of thy heauenly Grace,
 Which sinne in our first Parents did deface,
 And euen while Embryones curst by iustest doome)
 That wee neglect what gone is, or to come :
 But thou in thy great Archieues scrolled hast
 In parts and whole, what euer yet hath past,
 Since first the marble wheelles of Time were roll'd,
 As euer liuing, neuer waxing old,
 Still is the samethy Day and Yesterday,
 An vn-diuided *Now*, a constant *My*.

O King, whose Greatnesse none can comprehend,
 Whose boundlesse Goodnesse doth to all extend,
 Light of all Beautie, Ocean without ground,
 That standing flowest, giuing doft a bound,
 Rich palace, and Indweller euer blest,
 Neuer not working euer yet in Rest;
 VVhat wit cannot conceiue, words say of Thee,
 Heere where as in a Mirrour wee but see,
 Shadowes of shadowes, Atomes of thy Might,
 Stillowlie eyed when staring on thy Light,
 Grant that releas'd from this earthly Iaile,
 And freed of Clouds which heere our Knowledge vaile,
 In Heauens high Temples, where thy Praises ring,
 I may in sweeter Notes heare Angels sing.



Great GOD, whom wee with humble Thoughts adore,
 Eternall, infinite, Almighty King,
 Whose Dwellings Heauen transcend, whose Throne before
 Archangells ^{serue}, and Seraphines doe sing;
 Of nought who wroughts all that With wondring Eyes
 Wee doe behold within this spacious Round,
 Who makes the Rockes to ^{move} rocke, to stand the Skies,
 At whose command Clouds dreadfull Thunders sound:
 Ah! spare vs Wormes, weigh not how wee (alas!)
 (Buill to our selues) against thy Lawes rebell;
 Wash of those Spots which still in Mindes cleare Glasse
 (Though wee be loath to looke) wee see to well.
 Deserue d Renenge, O doe not doe not take,
 Doe thou renenge what shall abide thy blow?
 Pusse shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
 Which should not perisht till thy Trampet blow.
 What Soule is found whom Parents Crime not staines?
 Or what with its owne Sinne destaind is not?
 Though Iustice Rigor threaten (ah) her Raines
 Let Mercy guide; and neuer bee forgot:
 Lesse are our Faults farre farre than is thy Loue;
 O What can better seeme thy Grace diuine;
 Than They that plagues destrue thy Bounty prone;
 And where thou showre mayst Vengeance faire to shine?
 Then looke and pittie, pittying forgue
 Vs guiltie Slaues, or Seruants, now in thrall,
 Slaues, if (alas) thou looke how wee doe liue
 Or doing ill Or doing nought at all.

X

Of an vngratefull Minde a foule Effect!
 But if thy Giftes which amplie heretofore
 Thou hast vpon vs powr'd thou dost respect,
 Wee are thy Seruants, nay, than Seruants more;
 Thy Children, yes, and Children dearly bought,
 But what strange Chance vs of this Lot bereaues,
 Poore worthles Wights how lowlie are wee brought,
 Whom Grace made Children Sinne hath turned Slaues?
 Sinne hath turn'd Slaues, but let those Bands Grace breake,
 That in our Wrongs thy Mercies may appeare,
 Thy VVisedome not so meane is, Pow'r so weake,
 But thousand wayes they can make Worlds thee feare,

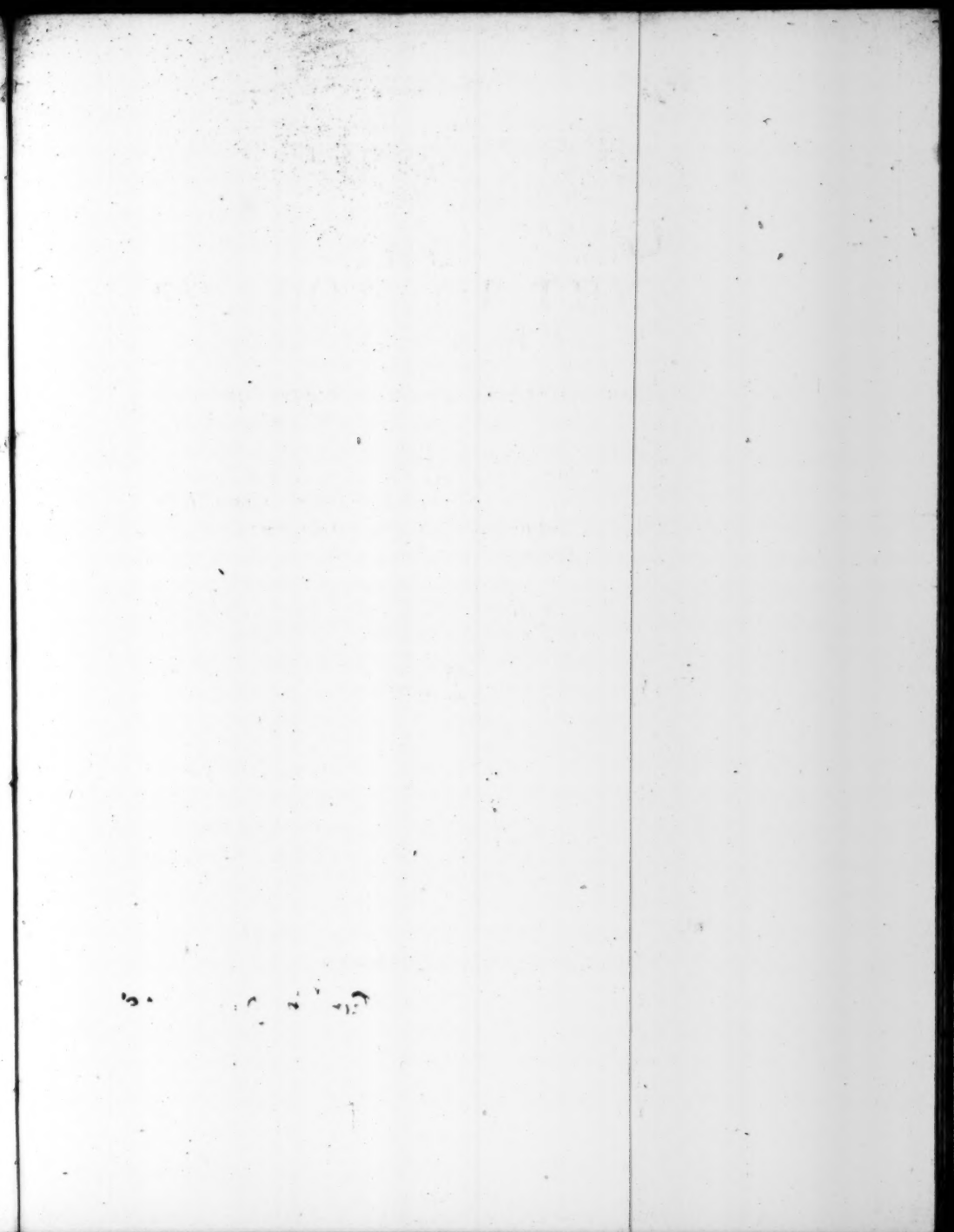
O Wisedome boundlesse! O miraculous Grace!
 Grace, Wisedome which make winke dimme Reasons Eye,
 And could Heauens King bring from his placelesse Place,
 On this ignoble Stage of Care to die:
 To dye our Death, and with the sacred Streame
 Of Bloud and VVater, quishing from his Side,
 To put away each odious act and Blame,
 By vs contriu'd, or our first Parents Pride.
 Thus thy great Loue and Pitty (heauenly King)
 Loue, Pitty, which so well our Losse prevent,
 Of Euill it selfe (loe!) could all Goodnesse bring,
 And sad Beginning cheare with glad Euent.
 O Loue and Pitty! ill. knowne of these Times,
 O Loue and Pittie! carefull of our neede,
 O Bounties! VVhich our execrable Crimes
 (Now numberlesse) contend neere to exceed.
 Make this excessiue Ardour of thy Loue,
 So warme our Coldnesse, so our Lifes renew,
 That wee from sinne, Sinne may from vs remoue,
 Wit may our will, Faith may our Wit subdue.

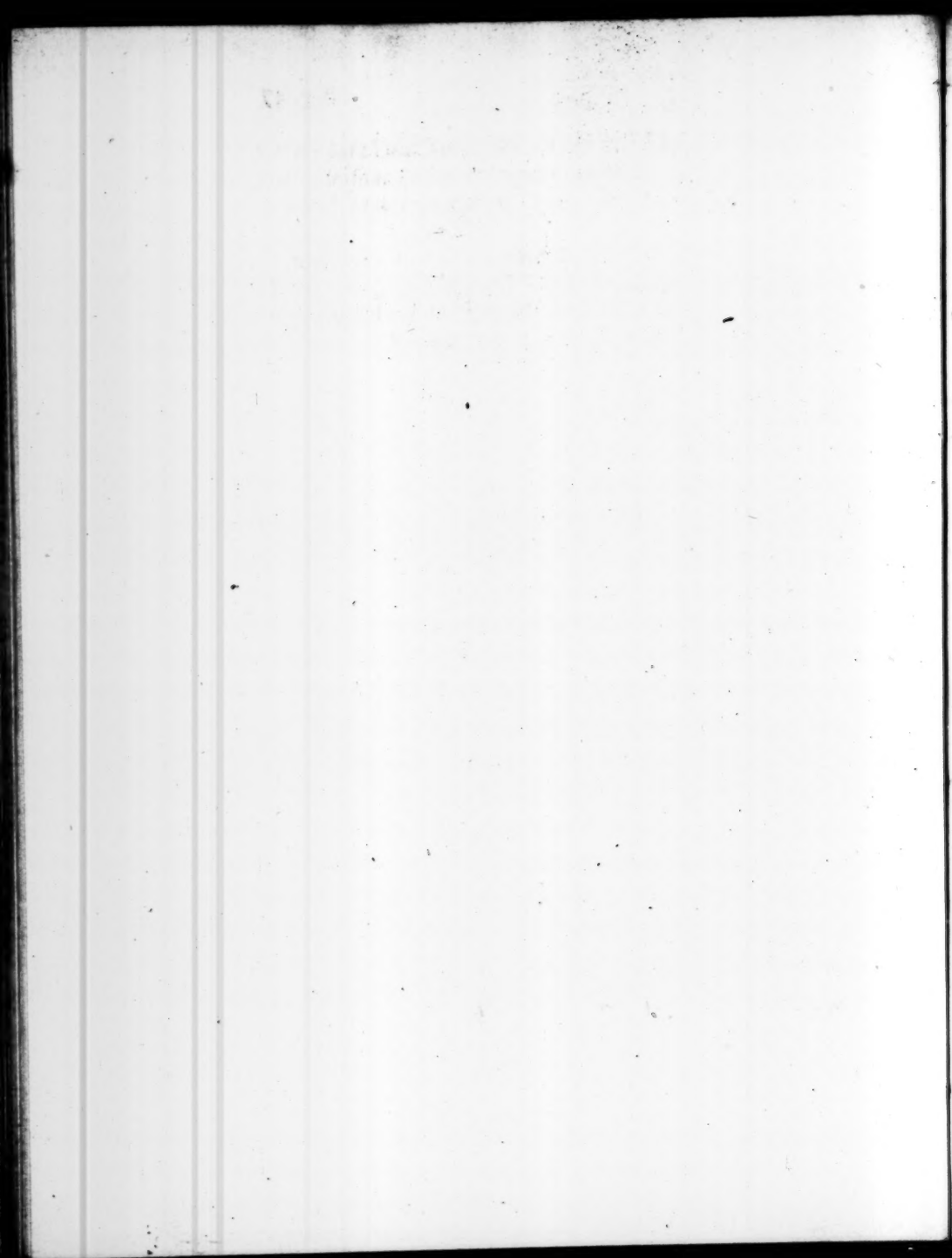
Let thy pure Love burne vp all worldly Lust,
 Hells pleasant Poison killing our best parts,
 VVhich makes vs ioye in Toyes, adore fraile Dust
 Instead of Thee, in Temple of our Heart.

Grant when at last our Soules these Bodies leane,
 Their loathsome Shops of Sinne, and Mansions blinde,
 And Doome before thy royall Seat receaue,
 They may a Saniour, not a Iudge thee finde.



The







THE SHADOW OF THE IUDGEMENT.

A Boue those boundlesse Bounds where Starrs do mone;
 The Seeling of the christall Round aboue,
 And Raine-bowsparkling Arch of Diamond cleare;
 Which crownes the azure of each vnder Sphære,
 In a rich Mansion radiant with light,
 To which the Sunne is scarce a Taper bright;
 VVhich, though a Bodie, yet so pure is fram'd,
 That almost spirituall, it may bee nam'd;
 Where Blisse aboundeth, and a lasting May
 All Pleasures heightning flourisheth for ay,
 The King of Ages dwells. About his Throne
 (Like to those Beames Days golden Lamp hath on)
 Angelike Splendors glance, more swift than ought
 Reueal'd to sence, nay, than the winged Thought,
 His will to practise: here doe Seraphines
 Burne with immortall loue, there Cherubines
 With other noble people of the Light,
 As Eaglets in the Sunne, delight their Sight:
 Heauens ancient Denizons, pure actiue Powres,
 Which (fred of death) that Cloister high embowres;
 Etheriall Princes, ever-conquering Bandes,
 Blest Subiectes acting what their King commandes;

Sweet

Sweet Quiristers, by whose melodious Straines
 Skies dance, and Earth vntyr'd their Brawle sustaines.
 Mixed among whole sacred legiones deare
 The spotlesse Soules of Humanes doe appeare,
 Deuesting Bodies which did Cares deuelt,
 And there liue happie in eternall Rest.

Hither, sure-charg'd with griefe, fraught with Annoy,
 (Sad Spectacle into that place of Ioy)
 Her Haire disordered dangling o're her Face,
 Which had of pallid Violets the grace,
 The Crimfin Mantle wont her to adorne
 Cast loose about, and in large peeces torne,
 Sighes breathing forth, and from her heauie Eyne
 Along her Cheekes distilling christall Brine,
 Which downe-wards to her yuorie Brest was driuen,
 And had bedewed the milkie Way of Heauen,
 Came *Pietie*: at her left hand neare by
 A wailing Woman bare her Company,
 Whose tender Babes her snowie Necke did clip,
 And now hang on her Pappe now by her Lip:
 Flames glanc'd her Head aboue, which once did glow,
 But late looke pale (a Poore and ruthfull Show!)
 Shee sobbing shrunke the Throne of God before,
 And thus beganne her Case to him deplore.

Forlorne, wretch'd, desolate, to whom should I
 My Refuge haue, below or in the Skie,
 But vnto thee? see (all beholding King)
 That Seruant, no, that Darling thou didst bring
 On Earth, lost Man to saue from Hells Abisme,
 And raise vnto these Regiones aboue Tyme;
 VVho made thy Name so truelie bee implor'd,
 And by the reuerent Soule so long ador'd,

Her

Her banisht now see from these lower Boundes,
 Behold her Garments Shreedes her Bodies woundes;
 Looke how her Sister *Charitie* there standes,
 Proscrib'd on Earth, all maim'd by wicked Handes:
 Mischeete there mountes to such an high degree,
 That there, now none is left who cares for mee,
 There dwelles Idolatrie, there Atheisme raignes,
 There Man in dombe, yet roaring, sinnes him staines;
 So foolish, that hee Puppets will adore
 Of Metall, Stone, and Birds, Beastes, Trees, before
 Hee once will to thy hollie seruice bow,
 And yelde the Homage: Ah alas! yee now
 To those black Sprighes which thou dost keepe in chaines
 Hee vowes Obedience, and with shamefull paines
 Infernall Horrours courtes; Case fond and strange!
 To Bane than Blisse desiring more the Change.
 Thy *Charitie* of Graces once the Cheife,
 Did long tyme find in Hospitalls relieves
 Which now lye leuell'd with the lowest Ground,
 Where sad memorialls scarce are of them found.
 Then (Vagabounding) Temples her receau'd,
 Where my Poore Cells afforded what she crau'd;
 But now thy Temples raz'd are, humane Blood
 Those Places staines, late where thy Altares stood:
 Tymes are so horrid, to implore thy Name,
 That it is held now on the Earth a Blame.
 Now doth the Warriour with his Dart and Sword
 VVrite lawes in blood, and vent them for thy words
 Relligion, Faith pretending to make knowne,
 All haue all Faith, Religion quite o'rthrowne,
 Men awlesse, lawlesse liue (most woefull case!)
 Men, no more men, a G O D. contemning Race.

G

Scarce

Scarce had shee laid, when from the neither World,
 (Like to a Lightning through the Welken hurld,
 That scores with Flames the way, and euerie eye
 With Terrour dazelles as it swimmeth by)
 Came *Iustice*: to whom Angels did make place,
 And *Truth* her flying foote-steppes straight did trace.
 Her Sword was lost, the precious Weights shee bare,
 Their Beame had torne, Scales rudlie bruised were:
 From off her head was reft her golden Crowne,
 In ragges her Vaile was rent and starre-spangl'd Gowne,
 Her teare-wette Lockes hange o're her Face, which made
 Betweene her and the mightie King a Shade.
 Iust wrath had rail'd her colour (like the Morne
 Portending Clouds moist Embryones to bee borne)
 Of which shee taking leaue, with Heart swollen great,
 Thus stroue to plaine before the Throne of State.

Is not the Earth thy worke-man-ship (great King)
 Didst Thou not all this ^{will} from nought once bring
 To this rich Beautie which doth on it shine:
 Bestowing on each Creature of thine
 Some Shadow of thy Bountie? Is not Man
 Thy Vassall, plac'd to spend his lifes short Span
 To doe Thee Homage: and then didst not Thou
 A Queene installe mee there, to whom should bow
 Thy Earths Endwellers, and to this effect
 Put in my hand thy Sword? O high Neglect!
 Now wretched Earthlings, to thy great disgrace,
 Peruerted haue my Pow'r, and doe deface
 All reuerent trackes of Iustice; now the Earth,
 Is but a Frame of Shame, a funerall Harth,
 Where euerie Vertue hath consumed beene,
 And nought (no not their dust) restes to bee seene;

Long

Long hath it mee abhor'd, long chased mee,
 Expelled last, heere I haue fled to Thee,
 And forth-with rather would to Hell repaire,
 Than Earth, sith Iustice execute is there.
 All liue on Earth by Spoyle, the Host his Guest
 Betrayes, the Man of her lyes in his Brest
 Is not assured; the Sonne the Fathers death
 Attempts, and Kinred Kinred reauē of Breath
 By lurking meanes, of such Age few makes sicke,
 Since Hell disgorg'd her banefull Arsenicke.
 Whom Murthers, foule Assassinsates defile,
 Most who the harmlesse Innocent beguile,
 Who most can rauage, robe, ransacke, blasphame,
 Is held most vertuous, hath a Worthies name;
 So on emboldned Malice they relye,
 That (madding) thy great Puissance they desye:
 Earst man resembl'd thy Pourtrait soyl'd by Smooke,
 Now like thy Creature hardlie doth hee looke.
 Olde *Nature* heere (Shee pointed where there stood
 An aged Ladie in a heauie Mood)
 Doth breake her Staffe, denying humane Race
 To come of Her, Things borne to her disgrace!
 The Doue the Doue, the Swan doth loue the Swan,
 Nought so relentlesse vnto man as Man.
 O! if thou madst this World, gouern'st it all,
 Deserued vengeance on the Earth let fall;
 The Periode of her standing perfect is,
 Her Houre-glasse not a Minute short doth misse.
 The End (O LORD) is come, then let no more
 Mischiefe still triumph, Bad the Good deuoure,
 But of thy Word sith Constant, true, Thou art,
 Giue Good their Guerdon, wicked due Desart.

Shee said: Through out the shining Palace went
 A Murmure soft, such as a farre is sent
 By musked Zephires Sighes along the Mainie,
 Or when they cutle some flowrie Lea and Plaine;
 One was their Thought, one their Intention, Will,
 Nor could they erre *Truth* there residing still:
 All (mou'd with zeale) as one with cryes did pray,
 Hasten (O LORD) O hasten the last Day.

Looke how a generous Prince, when hee doth heare;
 Some louing Citie and to him most deare,
 Which wont with Giftes, and Showes him intertaine
 (And as a Fathers did obey his Raigne)
 A rout of Slaues and rascall foes to wracke,
 Her Buildings ouer-throw, her Richesse sacke,
 Feeles vengefull Flames within his bosome burne,
 And a just rage all Respects ouerturne:
 So seeing Earth, of Angels once the Inne,
 Mansion of Saintes, deflowred all by sinne,
 And quite confus'd, by wretches heere beneath;
 The vworlds great Soueraigne moued was to Wrath.
 Thrice did hee rouse himselfe, thrice from his Face,
 Flames sparkle did throughout the heauenlie place.
 The Starres, though fixed, in their Rounds did quake;
 The Earth, and Earth-embracing Sea did shake;
Carmell and *Hemus* felt it, *Athos* Töpes
 Affrighted shrunke, and neare the *Æthiopes*
Atlas, the *Pyrenæes*, the *Appennine*,
 And loftie *Grampius*, which with Snow doth shine.
 Then to the Synode of the Sprights hee swore,
 Mans care should end, and Tyme should bee no more;
 By his owne Selfe hee swore of perfect worth,
 Straight to performe his word sent Angels forth.

There

There lyes an Island, where the radiant Sunne,
 When hee doth to the northerne Tropicke runne,
 Of sex long Monethes makes one tedious Day,
 And when through southerne Signes he holds his way,
 Sex Monethes turneth in one loathsome Night
 (Night neither heere is faire, nor Day hote-bright,
 But halfe white and halfe More) where sadlie cleare
 Still coldlie glance the Beames of either Beare,
 The frostie *Groen-land*, On the lonlie Shore
 The Ocean in Mountaines hoarse doth roare,
 And ouer-tumbling, tumbling ouer Rockes,
 Castes various Raine-bowes, which in Froth he choakes:
 Gulfes all about are shrunke most strangelic sleepe,
 Then *Nilus* Cataractes more vaste and deepe.
 To the vvilde Land beneath to make a shade,
 A Mountaine listeth vp his crested Head:
 His Lockes are yce-sheekles, his Browes are Snow,
 Yet, from his burning Bowelles deepe below,
 Cometes, farre-flaming Pyramides are driuen
 And pitchie Meteores, to the Cope of Heauen.
 No Summer heere the loulie Grasse forth bringes,
 Nor Trees, no, not the deadlie Cypresse springes.
 Caue-louing Echo Daughter of the Aire,
 By humane voyce was neuer wakned heere:
 In stead of nights blake Birdes, and plaintfull Owle,
 Infernall Furies heere doe yell and howle.
 A Mouth yawnes in this Hight so blacke obscure
 With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
 Great *Ætnas* Cauernes neuer yet did make
 Such fable dampes, though they bee hideous blacke,
 Sterne Horroures heere eternallie doe dwell,
 And this Gulfe destine for a Gate to Hell.

Forth from this place of dread (Earth to appall)
 Three Furies rushed at the Angels call.
 One with long Tresses doth her Visage maske,
 Her Temples clouding in a horrid Caske,
 Her right Hand swinges a Brandon in the Aire,
 Which Flames and Terrour hurleth euery where;
 Ponderous with Darts, her left doth beare a Shield,
 Where *Gorgones* Head lookes grimme in fable Field:
 Her eyes blaze Fire and Blood, each haire stilles Blood,
 Blood trilles from either pappe, and where shee stood
 Bloods liquid Corall sprang her feete beneath,
 Where shee doth streach her Arme is Blood & Death,
 Her stygian Head no sooner shee vpreares,
 When Earth of Swords Helmes Lances straight appears
 To bee deliuered, and from out her Wombe
 In Flame-wing'd Thunderes Artellerie doth come,
 Floodes siluer streames doe take a blushing Dye,
 The Plaines with breathlesse Bodies buried lye;
 Rage, Wronge, Rapte, Sacriledge doe her attend,
 Feare, Discorde, Wracke, & Woes which haue none end:
 Towne is by Towne, and Prince by Prince with-stood,
 Earth turnes an hideous Shambles a Lake of Blood,
 The next with Eyes, sunke hollow in her Braines,
 Lane face, snarl'd haire, with blacke and emptie Veines,
 Her dry'd-vp Bones scarce couered with her Skinne,
 Bewraying that strange structure built within,
 Thigh-Bellileffe, most gastlie to the sight,
 A wasted Skeliton resembleth right.
 Where shee doeth roame in Aire faint doe the Birdes;
 Yawne doe Earths ruthlesse brood & harmelesse Heardes,
 The V Woods wilde Forragers doe howle and roare,
 The humid Swimmers dye along the shoare;

In

In Townes, the liuing doe the dead vp-eate,
Then dye themselues, Alas! and vwanting meate,
Mothers not spare the Birth of their owne Wombes,
But turne those Nestes of life to fatall Tombes.

Last did a saffron-colour'd Hagge come out,
With vncomb'd Haire, Browes banded all about
With duskie cloudes, in ragged Mantle cled,
Her breath with stinking Fumes the Aire be-spred,
In either Hand shee held a Whip, vvwhose Wyres,
Still'd poyson, blaz'd with phlegethontall Fyres.
(Relentlesse) Shee each state, sex, age defiles,
Earth streames with goares, burnes with inuenom'd Biles;
Where Shee repaires, Townes doe in Desartes turne,
The liuing haue no pause the dead to mourne,
The friend (Ah!) dares not locke the dying Eyes
Of his belou'd, the VVife the Husband flies,
Men Basiliskes to men proue, and by Breath,
Then Lead or Steale, bring vvorse and swifter Death:
No Cypresse, Obsequies, no Tombe they haue,
The sad Heauen mostlie serues them for a Graue.

These ouer Earth tumultuousslie doe runne,
South, North, from rising to the setting Sunne;
They some time parte, yet than the windes more fleete,
Forth-with together in one place they meete.

Great *Quinzai* yee it know, *Susanas* pride,
And you Where statelie *Tibers* streames doe glide,
Memphis, *Parthenopè* yee too it know,
And where *Enripus* seuen-folde Tyde doth flow:
Yee know it Emprefles on *Tames*, *Rosne*, *Seine*,
And yee faire Queenes by *Tagus* *Danube* Reine.
Though they doe scoure the Earth, roame farre & large,
Not thus content the Angels leaue their Charge:

Wee of her wracke these slender Signes may name,
By greater they the Iudgement doe proclame.

This Centers Center with a mightie Blow
One bruifeth, whose crackt Concaues lowder low,
And rumbel, than if all the Artellerie,
On Earth discharg'd at once were in the Skie;
Her Surface shakes, her Mountaines in the Maine
Turne topsiturnie, of Heights making plaine:
Townes them ingulfe, and late where Towres did stand,
Now nought remaineth but a waste of Sand.
With turning Eddyes Seas sinke vnder Ground,
And in their floting Depthes are Valleyes found;
Late where with foamie Crestes waues tilted waues,
Now fishie Bottomes shine and mossie Caues,
The Mariner, castes an amazed eye
On his wing'd Firres, which bedded hee findes lye,
Yet can hee see no Shore; but whilst hee thinkes,
What hideous Creuesse that hudge Current drinks,
The Streames rush backe againe with storming Tyde,
And now his Shippes on cristall mountaines glyde;
Till they bee hurl'd farre beyond Seas and Hope,
And setle on some Hill or Palace Tope;
Or by triumphant Surges over-driuen,
Show Earth their Entrailles and their Keeles the Heauen.

Skies clowdie Tables some doe paint, with Fights
Of armed Squadrones, iustling Steedes and Knights,
With shining Crosses, Iudge, and Saphire Throne;
Arraigned Criminelles to howle and groane, (shine,
And plaintes send forth are heard: New-worlds seene,
With other Sunnes and Moones, false Starres decline,
And diue in Seas; red Comets warme the Aire,
And blaze, as other Worlds were judged there.

Others

Others the heauenlie Bodies doe displace,
 Make Sunne his Sisters stranger Steppes to trace;
 Beyond the course of Spheares hee driues his Coach,
 And neare the cold *Arcturnus* doth approach;
 The Sythian amaz'd is at such Beames,
 The Mauritanian to see ycie Streames;
 The Shadow which ere-while turn'd to the West,
 Now wheelles about, then reeleth to thee East;
 New starres aboue the eight Heauen sparkle cleare,
Mars chopes with *Saturne*, *Ioue* claimes *Marses* spheare,
 Shrunk nearer Earth, all blackned now and Broone,
 In Maske of weeping Clouds appeares the Moone.
 There are noe Seasons, Autumne, Summer, Spring,
 Are all sterne Winter, and no birth forth bring:
 Red turnes the Skies blew Curtaine o're this Globe,
 As to propine the Iudge with purple Robe.

At first (entraunc'd) with sad and curious Eyes
 Earths Pilgrimes stare on those strange Prodigies;
 The Starre-gazer this Round findes truely moue
 In partes and whole, yet by no Skill can proue
 The Firmaments stay'd firmenesse. They which dreame
 An euerlastingnesse in worlds vaste Frame,
 Thinke well some Region where they dwell may wracke,
 But that the whole nor Time nor Force can shake;
 Yet (franticke) muse to see Heauens statly Lights,
 Like Drunkards, waylesse reele amidst their Heights.
 Such as doe Nationes gouerne, and Command
 Vastes of the Sea and Emperies of Land,
 Repine to see their Countries ouer-throwne,
 And find no Foe their Furie to make knowne:
 Alas (say they) what bootes our toyles and Paines,
 Of Care on earth is this the furthest Gaine?

H

No

No Richesse now can bribe our angry Fate;
 O no! to blaste our Pride the Heauenes do threaten;
 In dust now must our Greatnesse buried lye;
 Yet is it comfort with the VVorld to dye.
 As more and more the warning Signes encrease,
 Wild dread deprives lost *Adams* Race of Peace;
 From out their Grandame Earth They faine would flie,
 But whither know not, Heauens are farre and hie;
 Each would bewaile and mourne his owne Distresse,
 But publicke Cryes doe private Feares suppress,
 Lamentes plaintes shreeces of woe disturbe all Eares,
 And Feare is equall to the Paine it feares.

Amidst this Masse of Crueltie and Slightes,
 This Galley full of God-despising VVights,
 This laile of Sinne and Shame, this filthie Stage
 VVhere all act folly miserie and rage;
 Amidst those Throngs of old prepar'd for Hell,
 Those Numbers which no *Archimede* can tell,
 A silly Crue did Lurke, a harmelesse Rour
 Wandring the Earth, which God had chosen out
 To liue with Him (Few Roses which did blow
 Among those Weedes Earthes Garden ouer-grow;
 A dew of Gold still'd on Earths sandy Mine,
 Small Diamondes in Worlds rough Rocks which shine)
 By purple Tyrants which persued and chal'd,
 Liu'd Recluses, in lonlie Islands plac'd;
 Or did the Mountaines haunte, and Forests wild,
 Which they than Townes more harmelesse found and
 Where many an Hymne they to theirMakers praise (mild;
 Teach't Groues and Rocks, which did resound their Laves.
 Nor Sword nor Famine nor Plague poisoning Aire,
 Nor Prodigious appearing euery where,

Nor

FLOWERS OF SION.

Nor all the sad Disorder of this *All*,
 Could this small handfull of the World appall;
 But as the Flowre, which during winters Cold
 Runnes to the Roote, and lurkes in Sap vperold,
 So soone as the great Planet of the Year
 Beginnes the Twinnes deare Mansion to cleare,
 Liftes vp its fragrant Head, and to the Field
 A Spring of Beaury and Delight dorth yeeld:
 So at those Signes and Apparitiones strange
 Their thoughts lookes gestures did beginne to change,
 Ioy makes their Hands to clap, their Hearts to dance,
 In Voice turnes Musicke in their Eyes dorth glance.
 What can (say They) these Changes elie portend,
 Of this great Frame saue the approaching End?
 Past are the Signes, all is perform'd of old
 Which the Almightyes Heraulds vs foretold.
 Heauen now no longer shall of Gods great Power
 A turning Temple be, but fixed Tower,
 Burne shall this mortall Masse amidst the Aire,
 Of diuine Iustice turn'd a Trophée faire;
 Neare is the last of Dayes, whose light enbalmes
 Past Griefes, and all our stormy Cares becalmes,
 O happy Day! O chearefull holy Day!
 VWhich Nights sad Sables shall not take away!
 Fare well Complaintes, and yee yet doubtfull Thoughts
 Crown now your Hopes with comforts long time sought
 Wypt from our Eyes now shall be euerie Teare,
 Sighes stoppt; since our Saluation is so neare.
 VWhat long wee long'd for, God at last hath giuen
 Earths chosen Bands to ioyne with those of Heauen;
 Now noble Soules a Guerdon just shall finde,
 And Rest and Glorie bee in one combinde,

Now, more than in a Mirrour, by these Eyne
 Euen Face to face our Maker shall be seene;
 O Welcome VVonder of the Soule and Sight!
 O Welcome Object of all true Delight!
 Thy Triumphes and Returne wee did expect,
 Of all past Toyles to reape the deare Effect:
 Since thou art iust, performe thy holy Word,
 O come still hop'd for, come long Wish'd for Lord.

While thus They pray, the Heauens in Flames appeare,
 As if they shew Eires elementall Spheare,
 The Earth seemes in the Sunne, the Welken gone,
 Wonder all hushes; straight the Aire doth grone
 With Trumpets, which thrice lowder Sounds doe yeeld
 Than deafening Thunders in the airie Field.
 Created Nature at the Clangor quakes,
 Immur'd with Flames Earth in a Palsey Shakes,
 And from her wombe the Dust in seuerall Heapes
 Takes life, and mustereth into humane Shapes:
 Hell burstes, and the foule prisoners their bound
 Come howling to the Day, with Serpentes crowp'd.
 Millions of Angels in the loftie Hight,
 Cled in pure Gold and the Electar bright,
 Ushering the way still where the Iudge should moue;
 In radiant Raine-bowes vaulte the Skies about;
 Which quickly open, like a Curtaine driuen,
 And beaming Glorie show the KING OF HEAVEN.

What Persian Prince, Assirian most renown'd,
 What Sythian with conquering Squadrones Crown'd,
 Entering a breached Citie, where conspire
 Fire to drie Blood, and Blood to quench out Fire;
 Where cutted Carcasses quicke Members reele,
 And by their ruine blunte the reeking Steele,

Resembleth now the euer-liuing King?
 What Face of *Troy* which doth with yelling ring,
 And grecian Flames transported in the aire,
 VVhat dreadfull Spectacle of *Carthage* faire?
 What Picture of rich *Corinthes* tragicke wracke;
 Or of *Numantia* the hideous sacke,
 Or These together showne, the Image, Face
 Can represent of Earth, and plaintfull case;
 VVhich must lye smoking in the Worlds vast VVombe;
 And to it Selfe both fewell be and Tombe?

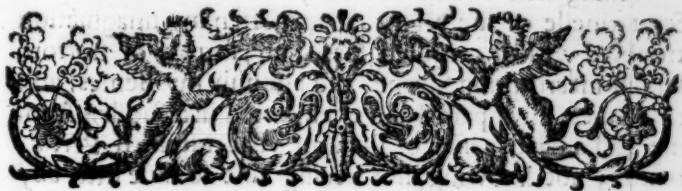
Neare to that sweet and odoriferous Clime,
 VVhere the all-cheering Emperour of Tyme
 Makes spring the *Cassia*, *Narde*, and fragrant Balmes;
 And euerie Hill, and Collin Crownes with Palmes;
 VVhere Incense sweats, where weeps the precious Mirre;
 And Cedars ouerstoppe the Pine and Firre;
 Neare where the aged Phoenix, tyr'd of Breath
 Doth build her Nest, and takes new life in Death:
 A Valley into wide and open Feildes
 Farre it extendeth, * * * * *

The rest is desired.



17
X
The following is a list of the names of the
persons who have been admitted to the
membership of the Society since the
last meeting of the Executive Committee.
The names are given in alphabetical order.

A
CYPRESSE
GROVE:
BY
W. D.



A
CYPRESSE GROVE.



HOUGH it hath beene doubted, if there bee in the Soule such imperious and superexcellent Power, as that it can, by the vehement & earnest working of it, deliuer knowledge to an other without bodilie Organes, and by onelic Conceptions and Ideas produce reall Effects; yet it hath beene euer, and of all, held, as infalible and most certaine, that it often (either by outward inspiration or some secret motion in it selfe) is Augure of its owne Misfortunes, and hath shadowes of approaching Dangers presented vnto it before they fall forth. Hence so manie strange Apparitions and signes, true Visions, vn-couth heauinesse, and causelesse languishings: Of which to seeke a reason, vnlesse from the sparkling of G o d in the Soule, or from the God-like sparkles of the Soule, were to make Reason vnreasonable, by reasoning of things transcending her reach.

I

Hauing

Having when I had giuen my selfe to rest in the quiet Solitarinesse of the Night, found often my imagination troubled with a confused feare, no, sorrow or horror, which interrupting Sleepe, did astonish my Senfes, and rouse mee, all appalled and transported in a sudden Agonie and amazednesse; of such an vnaccustomed Perturbation, not knowing, nor beeing able to diue into any apparent cause, carried away with the streame of my (then doubting) Thoughts, I beganne to ascribe it, to that secret foreknowledge and prelagging power of the profeticke Minde, and to interpret such an Agonie to bee to the Spirit, as a sudden faintnesse and vniuersall wearinesse vseth to bee to the Bodie, a signe of following Sicknesse, or, as Winter Lightnings, Earthquakes, and Monsteres proue to Commonwealthes and great Cities, Herbingers of wretched euent, and Emblemes of their hidden Destinies.

Heerevpon, not thinking it strange if whatsoeuer is humane should befall mee, knowing how Prouidence ouercommeth Griefe, and discountenances Crosses; And that as wee should not despaire in Euills which may happen vs, wee should not bee too confident, nor too much leane to those goods wee enjoye, I beganne to turne ouer in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable Mortalitie, and to fore-cast euerie accident which could beget gloomie & sad apprehensions, and with a maske of horror shew it selfe to humane eyes. Till in the end (as by vnities & points Mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge greatnesse) after manie fantasticall glances of the woes of Mankind, and those encombrances which follow vpon life, I was brought to thinke, and with amazement, on the last of humane Terrors, or as,
one.

one tearmed it, the last of all dreadfull and terrible euils *Death*: For to easie Censure it would appeare, that the Soule, if it can fore-see that diuorcement which it is to haue from the Bodie, should not without great reason bee thus ouer-griued, and plunged in inconsoleable and vn-accustomed Sorrow; considering their neare Vnion, long Familiaritie and Loue, with the great Change, Paine, vglinesse, which are apprehended to bee the inseperable attendants of Death.

They had their beeing together, partes they are of one reasonable Creature, the harming of the one is the weakning of the working of the other; what sweete contentments doeth the Soule enjoye by the senses, They are the Gates and VVindowes of its Knowledge, the Organes of its Delight? If it bee tideous to an excellent Player on the Lute to endure but a few Monethes the want of one, how much more must the beeing without such noble Toolles and Engines bee plaintfull to the Soule? And, if two Pilgrimes, vvhich haue wandred some little peece of ground together, haue an heartsgriefe when they are neare to parte, what must the sorrow bee at the parting of two so louing Friendes and neuer-loathing Louers as are the Bodie and Soule?

Death is the fade Estranger of acquaintance, the eternall Diuorcer of Mariage, the Rauisher of the Children from their Parentes, the stealer of Parents from the Children, the Interrer of Fame, the sole cause of Forgetfulnesse, by which the living talke of those gone away as of so manie Shadowes, or fabulous Paladines; all Strength by it is enfeebled, Beautie turned in deformitie and rottennesse, Honour in contempt, Glorie into basenesse, it is the vn-reasonable breaker off of all the actions of Vertue; by

which wee enjoye no more the sweete pleasures on Earth, neither contemplate the statelie revolutions of the Heavens; Sunne perpetuallie setteth, Starres neuer rise vnto vs; It in one moment depriueth vs of what with so great toyle and care in manie yeeres wee haue heaped together: By this are Successions of Linages cut short, Kingdomes left Heirelesse, and greatest States orphaned: It is not overcome by Pride, smoothed by gawdie Flatterie, tamed by Intracacies, bribed by Benefites, softened by Lamentations, diuerted by Time, Wisedome, saue this, can alter and helpe anie thing. By Death wee are exiled from this faire Citie of the World; it is no more a Woild vnto vs, nor wee anie more People into it. The Ruines of Phanes, Palaces, and other magnificent Frames, yeeld a sad Prospect to the Soule: And how should it consider the wracke of such a wonderfull Maister-piece as is the Bodie without Horroure?

Though it cannot well and altogether bee denyed but that Death naturallie is terrible and to bee abhorred; it beeing a Priuation of life, and a not beeing, and euerie priuation beeing abhorred of Nature and euill in it selfe, the feare of it too beeing ingenerate vniuersalie in all Creatures; yet I haue often thought that euen naturallie, to a Minde by onelie Nature resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceite than in veritie, and at the first glance than when well pyed into; and that rather by the weaknesse of our Fantasie, than by what is in it; and that the marble Colours of obsequies, weeping, and funerall pompe (with which wee our selues limne it forth) did adde much more Gaslinesse vnto it than otherwayes it hath. To auerre which conclusion when I had recollected my ouer-charged spirits I began thus with my selfe,
If on

If on the great Theater of this Earth, amongst the numberlesse number of Men, *To die* were onelie proper to thee and thine, then vndoubredlie thou hadst reason to grudge at so seuer and partiall a Law. But since it is a necessitie, from the which neuer an Age by-past hath beene exempted, and vnto which these which bee, and so manie as are to come, are thralld (no consequent of life beeing more common and familiar) why shouldst thou, with vnprofitable and nothing auailing stubbornnesse, oppose to so vneuitable and necessarie a Condition? This is the high-way of mortalitie, our generall Home: behold, what millions haue trode it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant runne! in so vniuersall a Calamitie (if Death be one) priuate complaints cannot bee heard; With so manie royall Palaces, it is small lose to see thy poore Caban burne. Shall the Heauens stay their euer-rolling Wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift & euer-whirling wheele, which twinneth forth and againe vp-windeth our life?) and hold still Time, to prolong thy miserable dayes, as if the highest of their working were to doe homage vnto thee? Thy Death is a peece of the order of this *All*, a part of the Life of this World: for while the world is the world, some creatures must dye, and others take life. Eternall things are raised farre aboue this Orbe of generation and corruption, where the first Matter, like a still-flowing and ebbing Sea, with diuerse Waues, but the same Water, keepeth a restlesse and neuer-tyring Current; what is below in the Vniuersality of the kind, not in it selfe, doeth abide; *Man* a long line of yeeres hath continued, *This Man* euerie hundreth is swipt away. This aire-encircled Globe is the sole Region of

Death, the Graue, where euerie thing that taketh life must rotte, the Listes of Fortune and Change, onelie glorious in the inconstancie and varying Alterationes of it; which though manie, seeme yet to abide one, and being a certaine entire one, are euer manie. The neuer agreeing bodies of the elementall Brethren turne one in another, the Earth changeth her countenance with the Seasons, sometimes looking colde and naked, other tymes hote and flowrie: Nay, I can not tell how, but euen the lowest of those celestiaall Bodies, that Mother of Moneths, and Empresse of Seas, and moisture, as if shee were a Mirrour of our constant mutabilitie, appeareth (by her great nearnesse vnto vs) to participate of our alterations, neuer seeing vs twice with that same Face, now looking blacke, than pale and wanne, sometimes againe in the perfection and fulnesse of her beautie shining ouer vs. Death heere no lesse than Life doth acte a part, the taking away of what is olde beeing, the making way for what is young. This Earth is as a Table Booke, and men are the Notes, the first are washen out, that new may be written in. They vvhich forewent vs did leaue a Roome for vs, and should wee grieue to doe the same to these which should come after vs? who beeing admitted to see the exquisite Rarities of some Antiquaries Cabinet is grieued, all viewed, to haue the Courtaine drawen, and giue place to new Pilgrimes? And vvhhen the LORD of this Vniuerse hath shewed vs the various vvonders of his amazing Frame, should vvee take it to heart, vvhhen hee thinketh time to dislodge? This is his vvalterable and vneuitable Decree; as vvee had no part of our will in our entrance into this Life, vvee should not presume of anie in our leauing it, but soberlie learne to will that
vvhich

vvhich hee vvills, vvhose verie vvilling giueth beeing to all that it vvills, and adoring the Orderer, not repine at the Order and Lawes, vvhich all-where, and all-ways, are so perfectlie established, that vvho would essay to alter & amend anie of them, hee should either make them worse, or desire thinges beyond the leuell of possibilitie: all that is necessarie and conuenient for vs they haue bestowed vpon vs, and freelie granted, and what they haue not bestowed nor granted vs, neither is it necessarie, nor conuenient that wee should haue it.

If thou doest complaine, that there shall bee a time in the vvhich thou shalt not bee, vvhy doest thou not too grieue, that there was a time in the vvhich thou wast not, and so that thou art not as olde, as that enlightening Planet of Time? For, not to haue beene a thousand yeeres before this moment, is as much to bee deplored, as not to bee athousand after it, the effect of them both beeing one: that will bee after vs which long long ere vvee vvere was. Our Childrens children haue that same reason to murmur that they vvere not young men in our dayes, vvhich vvee now, to complaine that wee shall not be old in theirs. The Violets haue their time, though they empurple not the Winter, & the Roses keepe their season, though they discouer not their beautie in the Spring.

Empires, States, Kingdomes, haue by the Doome of the Supream prouidence their fatall Periods, great Cities lye sadlie buried in their dust, Artes and Sciences haue not onelie their Ecclipses, but their vvainings & deathes; the gaslie Wonders of the World, raised by the ambition of Ages, are ouerthrowne and trampled; some Lights aboue (deseruing to bee intituled Starres) are loosed and neuer more seene of vs; the excellent fabrike of this Vniuerse

it selfe shall one day suffer ruine, or a change like a ruine, and poore Earthlings thus to bee handled complaine!

But is this Life so great a good, that the lose of it should bee so deare vnto Man? if it be: the meanest creatures of Nature thus bee happie, for they liue no lesse than hee: If it bee so great a felicitie, how is it esteemed of man himselfe at so small a rate, that for so poore gaines, nay, one disgracefull Word, hee will not stand to loose it? What excellencie is there in it, for the which hee should desire it perpetuall, and repine to bee at rest, and returne to his olde Grand-mother Dust? Of what moment are the Labours and Actions of it, that the interruption and leauing off of them should bee to him so distastfull, and vvith such grudging lamentations receiued?

Is not the entring into Life weaknesse? the continuing Sorrow? in the one hee is exposed to all the injuries of the Elementes, and like a condemned Trespasser (as if it were a fault to come to light) no sooner borne than fast manacled and bound, in the other hee is restlesslie, like a Ball, tossed in the Tinnise-court of, this world; when hee is in the brightest Meridiane of his glorie, there needeth nothing to destroy him, but to let him fall his owne hight: A reflexe of the Sunne, a blast of winde, nay, the glance of an Eye is sufficient to vndoe him: Howe can that beanie great matter, of which so small instrumentes and slender actions are maisters?

His Bodie is but a Masse of discording humours, composed and elemented by the conspiring influences of superior Lights, which though agreeing for a trace of tyme, yet can neuer be made vniforme & kept in a iust proportion. To what sicknesse is it subject vnto, beyond those of the other sensible Creatures? no parte of it beeing
which

which is not particularlie infected and afflicted by some one, nay, euerie part with many, yea, so many, that the Maisters of that Arte can scarce number or name them. So that the life of diuerse of the meanest Creatures of Nature, hath with great reason by the most Wise, beene preferred to the naturall life of Man: And wee should rather wonder how so fragill a matter should so long endure, than how so soone dissolue, and decay.

Are the A^ctiones of the most part of men, much differing from the Exercise of the Spider, that pitcheth toyles, & is tapist, to pray on the smaller Creatures, and for the Weauing of a scornfull Webbe euiscerateth it selfe manie dayes, which when vvith much Industerie finished, a little Puffe of Winde carrieth away both the worke and the worker? Or are they not, like the playes of Children? Or (to hold them at their highest rate) as is a May-Game, a Maske, or what is more earnest, some studie at Chess? Euerie day wee rise and lye downe, apparrell our Bodies and disapparrell them, make them Sepulchers of dead Creatures, wearie them, & refresh them; which is a Circle of idle Trauells, and Laboures (like *Penelopes* Taske) vnprofitable renewed. Some time wee are in a Chafe after a fading Beautie; now vvee seeke to enlarge our Boundes, increase our Treasure, liuing poorelie, to purchase what wee must leaue to those wee shall neuer see, or (happelie) to a Foole, or a prodigall Heire; raised with the wind of Ambition, wee courte that idle name of Honour, not considering how They mounted aloft in the highest Ascendant of earthlie Glorie, are but tortured Ghostes, wandring with golden Fetters in glistering Prisons, hauing Feare and Danger their vnseparable Executioners, in the midst of Multitudes rather guarded than regarded.

K

They

They whom opacke imaginations, and inward Thoughts fulnesse, haue made wearie of the worlds Eye, though they haue with-drawne themselves from the course of Vulgare Affaires, by vaine Contemplationes, curious Searches, thinke their life away, are more disquieted, and liue worse than others, their Wit beeing too sharpe to giue them a true taste of present Infelicities, and to agrauate their woes; vvhile they of a more shallow and blunt Conceit, haue want of Knowledge and Ignorance of themselves, for a remedie and Antidote against all the Greeuances and incombrances of Life.

What *Camelion*, vvhhat *Euripe*, vvhhat *Raine-bow*, what *Moone* doth change so oft as Man: hee seemeth not the same person in one & the same day, vvhhat pleaeth him in the Morning, is in the Euening distastfull vnto him. Yong hee scorneth his childish Conceits, and wading deeper in Yeeres (for Yeeres are a Sea, into vvhich hee vvadeth vntill hee drowne) hee esteemeth his Youth vnconstancie, Rashnesse, Follie; Old, hee beginneth to pittie himselfe, plaining because hee is changed, that the World is changed, like those in a Ship, which when they launce from the Shore, are brought to thinke the Shore doeth flie from them. Hee hath no sooner acquired vvhhat hee did desire, but hee beginneth to enter into new Cares, and desire vvhhat hee shall neuer bee able to acquire. When hee seemeth freed of euill in his owne estate, hee grudgeth and vexeth himselfe at the happinesse and fortunes of others. Hee is pressed with Care for vvhhat is present, with Griefe, for what is past, vvith Feare for vvhhat is to come, nay, for vvhhat will neuer come; And as in the Eye one Teare draweth another after it, so maketh hee one Sorrow follow vpon a former, and euerie day lay vp stufte of Griefe for the next.

The

The Aire, the Sea, the Fire, the Beasts bee cruell Executioners of Man; yet Beastes, Fire, Sea and Aire, are pittifull to Man in comparifon of man, for moe men are destroyed by men, than by them all. What Scornes, Wrongs, Contumelies, Imprifonmentes, Torments, Poyfons receiueth Man of Man? What Ingines and new workes of Death are daylie found out by Man againft man? What Lawes to thrall his Libertie, Fantasies and Bugbeares, to infatuate and inueigle his reason? Amongft the Beastes is there anie that hath fo feruile a Lot in anothers behalfe as Man, yet neither is content, nor hee who raig-
neth, nor hee who ferueth?

The halfe of our Life is spent in Sleepe; which hath such a resemblance to Death, that often it separates the Soule from the Bodie, and teacheth it a sort of being about it, making it soare beyond the Spheare of sensuall Delightes, and attaine to Knowledge, vnto vvhich, while the Bodie did awake, it dared scarce aspire. And vvhould not rather than remaine chained in this loathsome Galley of the World, Sleepe euer (that is dye) hauing all things at one stay, bee free from those Vexations, Disasters, Contempts, Indignities, and manie manie Anguishes, vnto which this Life is enuassalled and made thrall: and, well looked vnto, our greatest Contentment and Happinesse heere seemeth rather to consist in an absence of Miseric, than in the enjoying of any great Good.

What have the dearest Favorites of the World, created to the Paternes of the fairest Ideas of Mortalitie to glorie in ? Is it Greatnesse ? Who can bee great on so small a Round as is this Earth, and bounded with so short a course of time ? How like is that to Castles or
K 2
imaginarie

imaginarie Cities raised in the Skies by chaunce-meeting
 Cloudes? or to Gyantes modelled (for a sport) of Snow
 which at the hoter lookes of the Sunne melt away and
 lye drowned in their owne moisture? Such an impetuous
 Vicissitude towleth the Estate of this World! Is it Know-
 ledge? But wee haue not yet attained to a perfect Vnder-
 standing of the smallest Flower, and why the Grasse should
 rather bee greene than red. The Element of Fire is quite
 put out, the Aire is but Water rarified, the Earth is found
 to moue, and is no more the Center of the Vniuerse,
 is turned into a Magnes; Starres are not fixed, but
 swimme in the etheriall Spaces, Cometes are mounted
 aboue the Planetes; Some affirme there is another World
 of men and sensitiue Creatures, with Cities and Palaces
 in the Moone; the Sunne is lost, for, it is but a Light made
 of the conjunction of manie shining Bodies together,
 a Clift in the lower Heauens, through which the Rayes
 of the highest defuse themselues, is obserued to haue Spots;
 Thus, Sciences by the diuerse Motiones of this Globe of
 the Braine of Man, are become Opiniones, nay, Errores,
 and leaue the Imagination in a thousand Labyrinthes.
 What is all wee knowe compared with what wee knowe
 not? Wee haue not yet agreed about the chiefe Good
 and Felicitie. It is (perhaps) artificiall Cunning, how
 manie Curiosities bee framed by the least Creatures of
 Nature (who like a wise Painter sheweth in a small Pours
 trait more ingine than in a great) vnto which the in-
 dustrie of the most curious Artizanes doeth not attaine?
 Is it Riches? What are they, but the Idoles of Fooles,
 the casting out of Friendes, Snares of Libertie, Bandesto
 such as haue them, possessing rather than possessed, Met-
 talles vvhich Nature hath hidde (fore-seeing the great
 Harmes

Harmes they should occasion) and the onelie Opinion of Man, hath brought in estimation? They are like to Thornes which laid on an open hand are easilie blowne away, and wound the closing and hard-gripping, Prodigalls mis-spend them, Wretches mis-keepe them; when wee haue gathered the greatest aboundance, wee our selues can enioye no more of them, than so much as belongs to one man: They take not away Want, but occasione it, what great and rich men doe by others, the meaner and more contented sort doe by themselues. Will some talke of our pleasures? It is not (though in the Fables) told out of purpose, that *Pleasure* beeing called vp to Heauen, to disburthen her selfe and become more light, did heere leaue her Apparrell, which *Sorrow* (then naked, forsaken, and wandring) finding, did afterwards attire her selfe with: And if wee would say the truth of most of our Ioyes, wee must confesse them to bee but disguised Sorowes; Remorse euer ensueth them, and (beeing the Heires of Displeasure) seldome doe they appeare, except Sadnesse and some wakning Griefe, hath reallie preceded and forewent them. Will some Ladies vaunt of their Beautie? That is but Skin-thicke of two Senses onelie knowne, short euen of marble Statues and Pictures; not the same to all Eyes, dangerous to the Beholder, and hurtfull to the Possessor, an Enemie to Chastitie, a Frame made to delight others more than those which haue it, a superficiall Varnish hiding Bones and the Braines, things fearefull to bee looked vpon: Growth in Yeares doeth blast it, or Sicknesse, or Sorrow preuenting them; Our Strength, matched with that of the vnreasonable Creatures, is but Weaknesse. All wee can set our eyes vpon in these intricate mazes of Life is but Alchimie,

vaine Perspective, and deceiuing Shadowes, appearing farre other wayes a farre off, than when enjoyed, and looked vpon at a neare Distance. O! who if before hee had a beeing, hee could haue knowledge of the manie-fold Miseries of it, would enter this woefull Hospitall of the World, and accept of life vpon such hard conditiones?

If Death bee good, why should it bee feared? and if it bee the worke of Nature, how should it not bee good? for, Nature, is an Ordinance, Disposition and Rule, which God hath established in creating this Vniuerse, as is the Lawe of a King, which can not erre: For, how should the Maker of that Ordinance erre? Sith in Him there is no impotencie and weaknesse, by the which hee might bring forth what is vnperfect, no puerfenesse of Will, of which might proceede any vicious action, no Ignorance, by the which hee might goe wrong in working; beeing most Powerfull, most Good, most Wise, nay, All-Wise All-Good, All-Powerfull: Hee is the first Orderer, and marshelleth euerie other Order, the highest Essence, giuing Essence to all other thinges, of all Causes the Cause: Hee worketh powerfullie, bounteouslie, vviselie, and maketh Nature (his artificiall Organ) doe the same. How is not Death of Nature? Sith what is naturallie generate, is subject to Corruption, and sith such an Harmonie (which is Life) arising of the mixture of the foure Elementes, which are the ingredientes of our Bodies, can not euer endure; the contrarieties of their qualities (as a consuming rust in the baser Metalles) beeing an inward cause of a necessarie dissolution. O of fraile and instable Things the constant, firme, and eternall Order! For euen in their changes they keepe euer vniuersall auncient and vncorruptible Lawes.

Again,

Againe, how can Death bee euill; sith it is the Thaw of all these vanities which the Frost of Life bindeth together? If there bee a Societic in Life, then must there not bee a Sweetenesse in Death? Man were an intollerable thing, were hee not mortall; The Earth were not ample enough to containe her Of-spring, if none dyed: in two or three Ages (without Death) vvhhat an vnpleasant and lamentable Spectacle vvere the most flourishing Cities? For, what should there bee to bee seene in them, saue Bodies languishing and courbing againe into the Earth, pale disfigured Faces, Skelitones in steade of Men? And vvhhat to bee heard, but the Exclamations of the Yong, Complaintes of the Old, with the pittifull cries of sicke and pining Persons? there is almost no infirmitie worse than Age.

If there bee anie euill in Death, it would appeare to bee that Paine and torment, vvhich vvee apprehend to arise from the breaking of those strait Bands vvhich keepe the Soule & Bodie together; which, sith not without great struggling and motion, seemeth to proue it selfe vehement and most extreame. The Senses are the onelic cause of paine, but before the last Trances of Death they are so brought vnder, that they haue no (or verie) little strength and their strength lessening the strength of Paine too must bee lessened. How should wee doubt but the weaknesse of Sense lesseneth Paine, sith wee know, that vveakned and maimed partes which receiue not nourishment, are a great deale lesse sensible than the other partes of the Bodie: And see, that olde strengthlesse, decrepit Persons leaue this World almost without paine, as in a Sleepe: If Bodies of the most sound & wholesome constitution bee these vvhich most vehementlie feele paine, it must then

follow that they of a distempered & crasie Constitution, haue least feeling of Paine ; and by this reason, all weak and sicke Bodies should not much feele Paine ; for if they were not distempered and euill complexioned, they would not bee sicke. That the *Sight, Hearing, Taste, Smelling*, leaue vs without Paine, & vnawares, we are vndoubtedlie assured: And vvhy should wee not thinke the same of the *Feeling* ? That, by vvhich vvee are capable of Feeling, is the vitall Spirits animated by the Braine, which in a Man in perfect Health, by veines & arteres are spred & extended through the whole bodie, and hence it is that the whole Bodie is capable of paine; But, in dying Bodies vvee see, that by pauses and degrees those partes which are furthest remoued from the Heart, become cold, and beeing depriued of naturall heate, all the paine which they feele, is that they doe feele no paine. Now, euen as ere the sicke bee aware, the vitall Spirits haue with-drawne themselues from the vvhole extension of the Bodie, to succour the Heart (like distressed Citizens which finding their Wallles battered downe, flie to the defence of their Cittadell) so doe they abandonne the Heart without any sensible touch : As the flame, the Oyle failing, leaueth the Weeke, or as the light the Aire which it doeth inuest. As to those shrinking motions, and convulsions of Sinewes & Members, which appeare to witnesse great paine, let one represent to himselfe the Stringes of an high-tuned Lute, which breaking, retire to their naturall windings, or a peece of Yce, that without any out-ward violence, cracketh at a Thaw : No otherwise doe the Sinewes of the Bodie, finding themselues slacke and vn timered from the Braine, & their wonted labours & motions cease, struggle, and seeme to stirre themselues, but without either paine
or sense

or sense. Sowning is a true pourtrait of Death, or rather it is the same, beeing a Cessation from all action, motion, and function of Sense and Life: But in Sowning there is no paine, but a silent rest, and so deepe and sound a sleepe, that the naturall is nothing in comparison of it; What great paine then can there bee in Death, vvhich is but a continued Sowning, a sweete ignorance of Cares, and a neuer againe returning to the workes and dolorous felicitie of Life? The wise and all prouident Creator hath made Death by many signes of paine appeare terrible, to the effect, that if Man, for reliefe of miseries and present euills, should haue vnto it recourse, it beeing (apparantlie) a worser, hee should rather constantlie indure what hee knoweth, than haue refuge vnto that which hee feareth and knoweth not, the Terroures of Death seeme the Gardianes of Life.

Now although Death were an extreame Paine sith it comes in an Instant, what can it bee? why should wee feare it? for, while wee are, it commeth not, and it beeing come, wee are no more. Nay, though it were most painefull, long continuing, and terrible-vglie, why should wee feare it? Sith Feare is a foolish passion but where it may preferue; but it can not preferue vs from Death, yea, rather Feare maketh vs to meete with that which wee would shunne, and banishing the Comfortes of present Contentmentes bringeth Death more neare vnto vs: That is euer terrible which is vnknowne; so doe little Children feare to goe in the darke, and their Feare is increased with Tales.

But that (perhaps) which anguifheth Thee most, is to haue this glorious Pageant of the World remoued from Thee, in the Prime and most delicious Season of thy life;

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for, though to dye bee vsuall, to dye young may appeare extraordinarie. If the present Fruition of these things bee vnprofitable and vaine, what can a long Continuance of them bee, If God had made Life happier, hee had also made it longer? Stranger and newe Halcyon, why wouldst thou longer nestle amidst these vnconstant and stormie Waues? Hast thou not alreadie suffred enough of this World, but thou must yet endure more? To liue long, is it not to bee long troubled? But number thy Yeares, which are now () and thou shalt find, that where as ten haue ouer-liued Thee, thousands haue not attained this age. One yeare is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of Nature, nay, euen one Day and Night; for more, is but the same brought againe; This Sunne, that Moone, these Starres, the varying Dance of the Spring, Summer, Autumne, Winter, Is that verie same which the golden Age did see. They which haue the longest time lent them to liue in, haue almost no part of it at all, measuring it, either by that space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come: Why shouldst thou then care, whether thy Dayes bee manie, or few, which when prolonged to the vttermost, proue, paralel'd with Eternitie, as a Teare is to the Ocean? To dye young, is to doe that soone, and in some fewer dayes, which once thou must doe; it is but the giuing ouer of a Game that (after neuer so manie hazardes) must bee lost. When thou hast liued to that Age thou desirest, or one of *Platos* yeares, so soone as the last of thy dayes, riseth about thy Horizon, thou wilt then as now demand longer Respite, and expect more to come, the oldest are most vnwilling to dye. It is Hope of long life, that maketh Life seeme short. VVho will be-
hold,

hold, and with the eyes of judgement behold, the manie Changes depending on humaine affaires, with the after-claps of Fortune, shall neuer lament to dye yong. Who knoweth vvhhat alterations and sudden disasters, in outward estate, or inward contentments, in this VVildernesse of the VVorld, might haue befallen him who dyeth yong, if hee had liued to bee olde? Heauen, fore-knowing imminent harmes, taketh those which it loueth to it selfe, before they fall foorth: Death in Youth is like the leauing a superfluous Feast, before the drunken Cups be presented and walke about. Pure and (if wee may so say) Virgine Soules carrie their bodies with no small Agonies, and delight not to remaine long in the dregs of humane corruption, still burning with a desire to turne backe to the place of their Rest; for this World is their Inne, and not their Home. That which may fall foorth euerie houre, can not fall out of time. Life is a Iourney in a dustie Way, the furthest Rest is Death, in this some goe more heauilie burdened, than others: Swift and actiue Pilgrimes come to the end of it in the Morning, or at Noone, which Torreyse-paced Wretches, clogged vvhith the fragmentarie rubbige of this World, scarce with great trauell crawle ynto at Mid-night. Dayes are not to bee esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodnesse: more Compassse maketh not a Spheare more compleate, but as round is a little, as a large Ring; nor is that Musician most praiseworthy who hath longest played, but hee in measured Accents who hath made sweetest Melodie; to liue long hath often beene a let to liue well. Muse not how many yeares thou mightst haue enjoyed Life, but how sooner thou mightst haue losst it; neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thy selfe that it hath beene no worse: let it suffice that

fice that thou hast liued till this day ; and (after the course of this World) not for nought; thou hast had some smiles of Fortune, fauours of the worthiest, some friendes, and thou hast neuer beene disfauoured of the Heauen.

Though not for Life it selfe, yet that to after-worlds thou mightst leaue some Monument that once thou wast happy in the cleare light of Reason, it would appeare that Life were earnestly to be desired : for sith it is denyed vs to liue euer (said one) let vs leaue some worthy Remembrance of our once heere being, and drawe out this Spanne of Life to the greatest length & so farre as is possible. O poore Ambition! to what (I pray Thee) mayst thou concreded it? Arches and stately Temples, which one Age doth raise, doth not another raze? Tombes and adorned Pillars, lye buried with those which were in them buried : Hath not Auarice defaced, what Religion did make glorious? All that the hand of man can vpreare, is either ouerturned by the hand of man, or at length by standing and continuing consumed : as if there were a secret opposition in Fate (the vneuitable Decree of the Eternall) to controule our industry, and conter-checke all our deuices and proposing. Possessions are not enduring, Children lose their Names, Families glorying (like Marigolds in the Sunne) on the highest top of VVealth and Honour (no better than they which are not yet borne) leauing off to bee. So doeth Heauen confound, what wee endeauour by Labour and Arte to distinguish. That Renowne by Papers, which is thought to make men immortall, and which nearest doth approach the Life of these eternall Bodies aboue, how slender it is, the very word of Paper doth import; and what is it when obtained, but a flowrish of Words, which
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comming Tymes may scorne? How many millions neuer heare the Names of the most famous VVriters, and amongst them to whom they are known, how few turne ouer their Pages, and of such as doe, how many sport at their Conceits, taking the Verity for a Fable, and oft a Fable for Veritie, or (as wee doe Pleasants) vse all for recreation? Then the arising of more famous, doth darken, put downe, and turne ignoble the Glorie of the former, being held as Garments, worne out of fashion. Now when thou hast attained what Praise thou couldst desire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many Stories, neuer after to bee either shadowed or worne out, it is but an Eccho, a meere Sound, a Glow-worme, which seene a farre, casteth some cold beames, but approached is found nothing, an imaginarie happinesse, whose good dependes on the opinion of others. Desert and Vertue for the most part want Monuments and Memorie, seldome are recorded in the Volumnes of Admiration, nay, are often branded with Infamie, while Statues and Trophees are erected to those, whose names should haue beene buried in their dust, and folded vp in the darke cloudes of obliuion: So doe the rancke Weeds in this Garden of the VVorld choacke & ouer-run the sweetest Flowres. Applause, whilst thou liuest, serueth but to make Thee that faire Marke against which Enuye and Malice direct their Arrows, and when thou art wounded, all Eyes are turned towards thee (like the Sunne which is most gazed on in an Ecclipse) not for Pittie or Praise but Detraction; at the best, it but resembleth that Siracusianes Spheare of Christall not so faire as fraile: and, borne after thy death, it may as well bee ascribed, to some of those were in the Trojan Horse, or to such as are yet to bee borne an hundred yeares

dreth yeares hereafter, as to Thee, who nothing knowes,
 and is of all vnknowne. VVhat can it auaille thee to bee
 talked of, whilst thou art not? Consider in what Bounds
 our Fame is confined, how narrow the Listes are of hu-
 mane Glorie, and the furthest shee can stretch her wings.
 This Globe of the Earth and water, which seemeth huge
 to vs, in respect of the Vniuersè, compared with that
 wide wide Pauillion of Heauen, is lesse than little, of no
 sensible quantitie, and but as a Point: for the Horizon
 which boundeth our sight, deuideth the Heauen as in two
 halfes, hauing alwaies fixe of the Zodiacke Signes aboue,
 and as many vnder it, which if the Earth had any quantitie
 compared to it, it could not doe. More, if the Earth were
 not as a point, the Starres could not still in all parts of it ap-
 peare to vs as of a like greatnes, for where the Earth raised
 it selfe in Mountaines, wee beeing more neare to Heauen,
 they would appeare to vs of a greater quantity, and where
 it is humbled in Vallies, wee beeing further distant, they
 would seeme vnto vs lesse: But the Starres in all partes of
 the Earth appearing of a like greatnesse, and to euery part
 of it, the Heauen imparting to our sight the halfe of its in-
 side, wee must auouch it to bee but as a Point. Well did
 One compare it to an Ant.hill, and men (the Inhabis-
 tants) to so manie Pismires, and Grashoppers, in the toyle
 and varietie of their diuersified studies. Now of this
 small indiuisible thing, thus compared, how much is co-
 uered with Waters? how much not at all discouered?
 how much vn-inhabited and desert? and how many milli-
 ons of millions are they, which share the remnant amongst
 them, in Languages, Customes, diuine Rites differing, and
 all almost to others vnknowne? But let it bee granted that
 Glorie and Fame are some great matter, are the life of the
 dead

dead, and can reach Heauen it selfe, sith they are oft buried with the honoured, and passe away in so fleet a Reuolutiō on of time, what great good can they haue in them? How is not Glorie temporall, if it increaseth with yeares and depend on time? Then imagine mee (for what can not Imagination reach vnto?) one could bee famous in all times to come, and ouer the whole World present, yet shall hee bee for euer Obscure and ignoble to those mightie Ones, which were onely heere-tofore esteemed famous, amongst the Assyrians, Persians, Romans. Againe, the vaine Affectation of man is so suppressed, that though his workes abide some space, the Worker is vnknowne: the huge Egyptian Pyramides, and that Grot in *Pausilipo*, though they haue wrestled with Time, and worne vpon the vaste of dayes, yet are their Authores no more known, than it is knowne by what strange Earth-quackes, and Deluges, Yles were diuided from the Continent, or Hilles bursted forth of the Vallies. Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares, are swallowed vp in the great Gulfe of Tyme (which puts out the eyes of all their Glorie) and onelie a fattall obliuion remains: Of so manie Ages past, wee may well figure to our selues some likelie Apparances, but can affirme little Certaintie.

But (my Soule) what aileth thee, to bee thus backward and astonished, at the remembrance of Death, sith it doth not reach Thee, more than Darknesse doth those farre-shining Lampes aboue? Rouse thy selfe for shame, why shouldst thou feare to bee without a Bodie, sith thy Maker, and the spirituall and supercelestiall Inhabitantes haue no Bodies? Hast thou euer seene any Prisoner, who when the Iaile Gates were broken vp, and hee enfranchised and set loose, would rather plaine and sit still on his Fetters,

than seeke his freedome? Or any Mariner, who in the midst of Stormes arriuing neare the Shore, would launch forth againe vnto the Maine, rather than stricke Saile and joyfullie enter the leas of a saue Harbour? If thou rightlie know thy selfe, thou hast but small cause of anguish; for, if there bee any resemblance of that which is infinite, in what is finite (which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it distant) If thou bee not an Image, thou art a Shadow of that vnsearchable Trinitie, in thy three essentiall Powers, Vnderstanding, Will, Memorie; which though three, are in Thee but one, and abiding one, are distinctly three; But in nothing more comest thou neare that Sonneraigne Good, than by thy Perpetuitie, which who striue to improue, by that same doe it proue: Like those that by arguing themselues to bee without all reason, by the verie arguing, show how they haue some. For, how can vwhat is whollie mortall more thinke vpon, consider, or know that which is immortall, than the Eye can know Soundes, or the Eare discerne of Coloures; if none had Eyes, who would euer dispute of light or shadow? And if all were deafe, who would descant of Musicke? To Thee nothing in this visibler world is comparable; thou art so wonderfull a Beautie, and so beautifull a Wonder, that if but once thou couldst be gazed vpon by bodily eyes, euery heart would be inflamed with thy loue, and rauished from all seruile basenesse and earthlie desires. Thy being dependes not on Matter, hence by thine Vnderstanding dost thou dyue into the being of euerie other thing; and therein art so pregnant, that nothing by Place, Similitude, Subject, Time, is so conioyned, which thou canst not separate; as what neither is, nor any wayes can exist, thou canst faine, & giue an abstract being vnto. Thou seemest

seemest a World in thy selfe, containing Heauen, Starres,
 Seas, Earth, Floodes, Mountaines, Forestes, and all that
 liues; Yet rests, thou not satiate with what is in thy selfe, nor
 with all in the wide Vniuerse (because thou knowest their
 defectes) vntill thou raise thy selfe, to the contemplation of
 that first illuminating Intelligence, farre aboue Time, and
 euen reaching Eternitie it selfe, into which thou art trans-
 formed, for, by receiuing thou (beyond all other thinges)
 art made that which thou receiuest. The more thou know-
 west the more apt thou art to know, not being amated with
 any object that excelleth in predominance, as Sense by ob-
 jectes sensible. Thy Will is vncompellable, resisting Force,
 daunting Necessitie, despising Danger, triumphing ouer
 Affliction, vnmoued by Pittie, and not constrained by
 all the toyles and disasters of Life. What the Artes Mas-
 ter of this Vniuerse is in gouerning this Vniuerse, thou
 art in the Bodie; and as hee is whollie in euerie part of
 it, so art thou whollie in euerie part of the Bodie: Like
 vnto a Mirrouer, euerie small parcell of which a parte,
 doeth represent and doe the same, what the whole did
 entreire & togerher, By Thee Man is that Hymen of eter-
 nall and mortall thinges, that Chaine, together binding
 vn bodied and bodilie Substances, without which the
 goodlie Fabricke of this World were vnperfect. Thou
 hast not thy beginning from the fecunditie, power,
 nor action of the elementall qualities, beeing an imme-
 diate Master-piece of that great Maker: Hence hast Thou
 the Formes and Figures of all thinges imprinted in Thee
 from thy first originall. Thou onelie at once art capable of
 contraries, of the three partes of Time, Thou makest but
 one, thou knowest thy selfe so separate, absolute, & diuerse
 an essence from thy Bodie, that Thou disposest of it as it
 M pleaeth

pleaseth Thee, for in Thee there is no passion so weake which mastereth not the feare of leauing it. Thou shouldst bee so farre from repining at this separation, that it should bee the chiefe of thy desires; Sith it is the passage, and meanes to attaine thy perfection and happinesse. Thou art heere, but as in an infected and leprous Inne, plunged in a flood of humours, oppressed with Cares, suppressed with Ignorance, defiled and deftained with Vice, retrograd in the course of Vertue; Small thinges seeme heere great vnto Thee, and great thinges small, Follie appeareth Wisedome and Wisedome Follie. Freed of thy fleshlie Care, thou shalt rightlie discern the beautie of thy selfe, and haue perfect Fruition of that All-sufficient and All-sufficing Happinesse, which is God himselfe; to whom thou owest thy beeing, to Him thou owest thy well beeing; Hee and Happinesse are the same. For, if God had not Happinesse, Hee were not God, because Happinesse is the highest and greatest Good; If then God haue Happinesse, it can not bee a thing differing from Him, for, if there were any thing in Him differing from Him, Hee should bee an Essence composed & not simple. More, what is differing in any thing, is either an accident or a part of it selfe; In God Happinesse can not bee an accident, because Hee is not subject to any accidents; if it were a part of Him (since the part is before the whole) wee should bee forced to grant, that some thing was before God. Bedded & bathed in these earthlie ordures, thou canst not come neare this foueraigne Good, nor haue any glimpse of the farre-off dawning of his vn-accessible Brightnesse, no, not so much as the eyes of the Birds of the night haue of the Sunne. Thinke then by Death, that thy Shell is broken, and thou then but euen hatched; that thou art a Pearle, raised from thy

thy Mother, to bee enchaced in Gold, and that the death-day of thy bodie, is thy birth-day to Eternitie.

Why shouldst thou bee feare-stroken? and discomforted, for thy parting from this mortall Bride, thy Bodie; sith it is but for a tyme, and such a tyme, as shee shall not care for, nor feele any thing in, nor thou haue much neede of her? Nay, sith thou shalt receiue her againe, more goodlie and beautifull, than when in her fullest Perfection thou enjoyed her; beeing by her absence made like vnto that Indian Christall, which after some Reuolutions of Ages, is turned into purest Diamond. If the Soule bee the Forme of the Bodie, and the Forme seperated from the Matter of it, can not euer so continue, but is inclined and disposed to bee reunited thereinto; What can let and hinder this desire, but that some time it bee accomplished, and obtaining the expected end, rejoyne it selfe againe vnto the Bodie? The Soule separate hath a desire, because it hath a will, and knoweth it shall by this reunion receiue Perfection: too, as the Matter is disposed, and inclineth to its Forme when it is without it, so would it seeme that the Forme should bee towards its Matter in the absence of it. How is not the Soule the Forme of the Bodie, sith by it it is, sith it is the beginning and cause of all the actions and functions of the Bodie: For though in excellencie it passe euerie other Forme, yet doeth not that excellencie take from it the Nature of a Forme. If the abiding of the Soule from the Bodie bee violent, then can it not bee euermlasting, but haue a regresse: How is not such an estate of beeing and abiding not violent to the Soule, if it bee naturall to it to bee in its Matter, and (seperate) after a strange manner, many of the powers and faculties of it (which neuer leaue

it) are not duellie exercised? This Vnion seemeth not as boue the Horizon of naturall reason, farre lesse impossible to bee done by God: and though Reason can not euidentlie heere demonstrate, yet hath shee a mistie and groping notice. If the Bodie shall not arise, how can the onelie and Soueraigne Good bee perfectlie and infinitlie good? For, how shall Hee be just, nay, haue so much justice as man, if he suffer the euill & vicious to haue a more prosperous and happie life, than the followers of Religion and Vertue, which ordinallie vseth to fall forth in this life? For, the most wicked are Lords and Gods of this Earth, sleeping in the lee port of Honour, as if the spacious habitation of the World had beene made onelie for them, and the Vertuous and good, are but forlorne castaways, floting in the surges of distresse, seeming heere either of the Eye of Prouidence not pittied, or not regarded: beeing subject to all dishonours, wrongs, wrackes; in their best estate passing away their dayes (like the Dazies in the Field) in silence and contempt. Sith then Hee is most good, most just, of necessitie, there must bee appointed by Him an other time and place of retribution, in the which there shall be a Reward for liuing well, and a Punishment for doing euill, with a life wherewith both shall receiue their due; and not onelie in their Soules diuested, for, sith both the parts of man did acte a part in the right or wrong, it carrieth great reason with it, that they both (inteiore man) bee araigned before that high Iustice, to receiue their owne: Man is not a Soule onlie, but a Soule and Bodie, to which either Guerdon or punishment is due. This seemeth to bee the Voice of Nature in almost all the Religions of the World; this is that generall Testimonie, characterized in the minds of the most barbarous and saluage

saluage people; for, all haue had some rouing Gueſſes at Ages to come, and a Glow-worme light of another life, all appealing to one generall Iudgement Throne. To what elſe could ſerue ſo many expiations, ſacrifices, prayers, ſolemnities, and miſticall Ceremonies? To what ſuch ſumptuous Temples, & care of the dead? to what all Religion? If not to ſhowe, that they expected a more excellent manner of being, after the Nauigation of this life did take an end. And who doeth denie it, muſt denie that there is a Providence, a G O D; confeſſe that his worſhippe, and all ſtudie and reaſon of vertue are vaine; and not believe that there is a World, are creatures, and that Hee Himſelfe is not what Hee is.

But it is not of Death (perhaps) that we complaine, but of Tyme, vnder the ſatall ſhadow of whoſe wings, all things decay and wither: This is that Tyrant, which executing againſt vs his diamantine lawes, altereth the harmonious conſtitution of our Bodies, benumbing the Organes of our knowledge, turneth our beſt Senſes ſenceleſſe, makes vs loathſome to others, and a burthen to our ſelues Of which euills Death releiueth vs. So that, if wee could bee transported (O happy colonie!) to a place exempted from the Lawes and conditiones of Time, where neither change, motion, nor other affection of materiall and corruptible things were, but an immortal, vnchangeable, impaſſible, all ſufficient kinde of life, it were the laſt of things wiſheable, the tearme and center of all our Deſires. Death maketh this tranſplantation; for the laſt inſtant of Corruption, or leauing off of any thing to bee what it was, is the firſt of Generation, or being of that which ſucceedeth; Death then beeing the end of this miſerable tranſitory life, of neceſſity muſt bee the beginning of that other all

excellent and eternall : And so causeleslie of a vertuous Soule it is either feared or complained on.

AS those Images were limned in my minde (the morning Starre now almost arising in the East) I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calme ; and not long after, my Senses one by one forgetting their vſes, began to giue themselves ouer to rest, leauing mee in a still and peaceable sleepe ; if sleepe it may bee called, where the Minde awaking is carried with free wings from out fleshlie bondage. For heauy lids, had not long couered their lights, when mee thought, nay, sure I was, where I might discern all in this great *All* ; the large compasse of the rolling Circles, the brightnesse and continuall motion of those Rubies of the Night, which (by their distance) heere below can not bee perceiued ; the siluer countenance of the wandring Moone, shining by anothers light, the hanging of the Earth (as enuironed with a girdle of Christall) the Sunne enthronized in the midst of the Planetes, eye of the Heauens, Gemme of this precious Ring the World. But vvhilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on those celestially Splendors, and the beaming Lampes of that glorious Temple (like a poore Countreymen brought from his solitarie Mountaines and Flockes, to behold the magnificence of some great Citie) There was presented to my sight a MAN, as in the spring of His yeares, with that selfe same Grace, comelie feature, majesticke Looke which the late () was wont to haue : on vvhom I had no sooner fixed mine eyes, when (like one Planet-strooken) I become amazed : But Hee with a milde demeanour, and voyce surpassing all humane sweetnesse appeared (mee thought) to say,

What is it doth thus paine and perplexe thee ? Is it the

remembrance of Death, the last Period of wretchednesse, and entrie to these happie places; the Lanterne which lighteneth men to see the Misterie of the blessednesse of Spirites, and that Glorie which transcendeth the Courtaine of things visible: Is thy Fortune below on that darke Globe (which scarce by the smalnesse of it appeareth here) so great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leave it? What if thou wert to leave behind thee a () so glorious in the eye of the World (yet but a mote of dust encircled with a pond) as that of mine, so loving () such great Hopes, these had beene apparant occasions of lamenting, & but apparant? Dost thou thinke thou leavest Life too loone? Death is best young; things faire and excellent, are not of long indurance vpon Earth. Who liueth well, liueth long; Soules most beloued of their Maker are soonest releued from the bleeding cares of Life, & with almost a sphericall swiftnesse waisted through the Surges of Humane miseries, Opinion (that great Enchantresse and Peiser of things, not as they are, but as they seeme) hath not in anything more, than in the conceit of Death, abused Man: Who must not measure himselfe, and esteeme his estate, after his earthlie being, which is but as a dreame: For, though hee bee borne on the Earth, hee is not borne for the Earth, more than the Embryon for the mothers wombe. It plaineth to bee releued of its bands, and to come to the light of this World, and Man waileth to bee loosed from the Chaines with which hee is fettered in that Valley of vanities; it nothing knoweth whither it is to goe, nor ought of the beauty of the visible works of God, neither doth Man of the magnificence of the intellectuall World aboue, vnto which (as by a Mid-wife) hee is directed by Death. Fooles, which thinke that this faire and admirable

Frame, so variouſlie diſpoſed, ſo rightly marſhalled, ſo ſtrongly maintained, enriched with ſo many excellencies, not only for neceſſity, but for ornament and delight, was by that Supreme Wiſedome brought forth, that all things in a circulary courſe, ſhould bee and not bee, ariſe and diſſolue, and thus continue, (as if they were ſo many Shadows careleſſie caſt out and cauſed by the encountering of thoſe ſuperiour celeftiall Bodies; changing onelic there faſhion and ſhape, or fantaſticall Imageries, or ſhades of faces into Chriſtall) But more They, which beleeue that Hee doth no other-ways regard this his worke than as a Theater, raiſed for bloody Sword-playeres, Wraſtlers, Chaſers of timorous and Combatters of terrible Beaſtes, delighting in the daily torments Sorowes diſtreſſe and Miſerie of Mankind. No, no, the Eternal Wiſedome, created Man an excellent Creature, though hee faine would, vnmake himſelfe, and returne vnto nothing: And though hee ſeek his felicity among the reaſonleſſe Wights, he hath fixed it aboue. Hee brought him into this world as a Maſter to a ſumptuous well-ordered and furniſhed Inne, a Prince to a populous and rich Empirie, a Pilgrime and Spectator to a Stage full of delightfull Wonders and wonderfull Delightes. And as ſome Emperour or great Monarch, when hee hath raiſed any ſtately City, the worke beeing atchieued, is wont to ſet his Image in the miſt of it, to bee admired and gazed vpon: No other-wiſe did the Soueraigne of this World, the Fabricke of it perfected, place Man (a great Miracle) formed to his owne Paterne, in the miſt of this ſpacious and admirable Citie, by the diuine ſplendor of his Reaſon to bee an Interpreter and Trunchman of his Creation, and admired and reuerenced by all his other Creatures. God containeth all
in

in Him, as the beginning of all, Man containeth all in Him, as the midst of all; inferiour things bee in Man more noble than they exist, superiour things more meanelly, celestially things fauour him, earthly things are vassaled vnto him, hee is the knot and Band of both; neither is it possible but that both of them haue peace with Man, if Man haue peace with Him who made the Couenant betweene them and Him. Hee was made that hee might in the Glasse of the World behold the infinite Goodnesse, Power, Magnificence, and Glorie of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing Loue, and louing enioy, and to hold the Earth of him as of his Lord Paramount, neuer ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the compasse of Conceit, to thinke that that Wisedome which made euerie thing so orderlie in the partes, should make a confusion in the whole, and the chiefe Master-piece; how bringing forth so manie excellencies for Man, it should bring forth Man for basenesse and miserie. And no lesse strange were it, that so long life should bee giuen to Trees, Beastes, and the Birds of the Aire, Creatures inferiour to Man, which haue lesse vse of it, and which can not iudge of this goodlie Fabricke, and that it should bee denied to Man: Vnlesse there were another manner of liuing prepared for him, in a Place more noble and excellent.

But alas! (said I) had it not beene better that for the good of his Countrey A () endued with so many peerlesse Giftes, had yet liued vpon Earth; How long will yee (replied hee) like the Ants, thinke there are no fairer Palaces, than their Hills; or like to pore-blind Moles, no greater light, than that little which they shunne? As if the Maister of a Campe, knew when to remoue a Sentinell, and Hee who placeth Man on the Earth, knew not how

N

long

long hee had neede of him? Life is a Gouvernement and Office, wherein Man is so long continued, as it pleaseth the Installer; of the administration and charge of which, and what hath passed during the tyme of his Residence, hee must render an account, so soone as his Tearme expyreh; and hee hath made Roome for others. As mens Bodies differ in stature, which none can make more long; or short after their desire; So doe they varie in that length of Tyme which is appointed for them to liue vpon the Earth. That Prouidence which prescriueth Causes to euerie Euent, hath not onlie determined a definite & certaine number of dayes, but of actions, to all men, which they can not goe beyond.

Most () then (answered I) Death is not such an euill and paine, as it is of the Vulgare esteemed. Death (said hee) nor painefull is; nor euill (except in contemplation of the cause) beeing of it selfe as in-different as Birth. Yet can it not bee denyed, but amidst those Dreames of earthlie pleasures, the vncouthnesse of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is vnknowne in it, are noysome; But the Soule sustained by its Maker, resolved, and calme retired in it selfe, doeth find that Death (tith it is in a moment of Time) is but a short, nay, sweete Sigh; and is not worthie the remembrance, compared with the smallest dram of the infinite Felicitie of this Place. Heere is the Palace Royall of the Almighty KING, in which the vncomprehensible comprehensiblie manifesteth Himselfe; in Place highest, in Substance not subject to any corruption or change, for it is aboue all motion, and solide turneth not; in Quantitie greatest, for, if one Starre, one Spheare bee so vast, how large, how hudge in exceeding demensions, must those boundes bee, which doe them

them all containe : In Qualitie most pure and Orient,
 Heauen heere is all but a Sunne , or the Sunne all
 but a Heauen. If to Earthlinges the Footestoole of
 God, and that Stage which Hee raised for a small course
 of Tyme, seemeth so Glorious and Magnificent; How
 highlie would They prize (if they could see) his eternall
 Habitation and Throne? and if these bee so dazeling, what
 is the sight of Him, for whom , and by whom all was
 created? of whose Glory to behold the thousand thousand
 part, the most pure Intelligences are fully satiate , and
 with wonder and delight rest amazed ; for the Beauty of
 His light & the Light of his Beauty are vncomprehensible.
 Heere doth that earnest appetite of the Vnderstanding,
 content it selfe, not seeking to know any more ; For it
 seeth before it , in the vision of the Diuine essence (a
 Mirour in the which not Images or shadowes, but the true
 and perfect Essence of euery thing created , is more cleare
 and conspicuous, than in it selfe) all that is knowne or vn-
 derstood: And where as on Earth our senses show vs the
 Creator by his Creatures, heere wee see the Creatures
 by the Creator. Heere doth thee Will pause it selfe, as in
 the Center of its eternall rest, glowing with a feruent Affe-
 ction of that infinite and all-sufficient Good ; which bee-
 ing fully knowne, cannot (for the infinite motiues and
 causes of loue which are in Him) but bee fully and per-
 fectly loued : As hee is onely true and essentiall Bountie
 so is Hee onelie essentiall and true Beauty , deseruing
 alone all loue and admiration, by which the Creatures are
 onely in so much faire and excellent, as they participate
 of his Beauty and excellling Excellencies. Heere is a
 blessed Company , euery one joying as much in anothers
 Felicity, as in that which is proper , because each seeth

another equallie loued of GOD; Thus their distinct joyes are no fewer, than the Co-partners of the joye: And as the Assemblie is in number answerable to the large capacitie of the Place, so are the Ioyes answerable to the numbers lesse number of the Assemblie. No poore and pittifull Mortall, confined on the Globe of Earth, who hath neuer seene but Sorrow, or interchangable some painted superficial Pleasures, and had but Guessees of contentment, can rightlie thinke on, or be sufficient to conceiue the tearmes lesse Delightes, of this Place. So manie Feathers moue not on Birdes, so manie Birds dint not the Aire, so manie Leaues tremble not on Trees, so manie Trees grow not in the solitarie Forrestes, so manie Waues turne not in the Ocean, and so manie graines of Sand limit not those Waues; as this triumphant Court hath varietie of Delights, and Ioyes exempted from all comparision. Happinesse at once heere is fullie knowne and fullie enjoyed, and as infinite in continuance as extent. Heere is flourishing and neuer fading Youth without Age, Strength without Weaknesse, Beautie neuer blasting, Knowledge without Learning, Aboundance without Lothing, Peace without Disturbance, Participation without Enuy, Rest without Labour, Light without rising or setting Sunne, Perpetuitie without Momentes, for Time (which is the Measure of Motion) did neuer enter in this shining Eternitie. Ambition, Disdainie, Malice, difference of Opinions, can not approach this Place, resembling those foggie mists, which couer those Lifts of sublunarie things. All Pleasure, paragon'd with vwhat is heere, is paine, all Mirth Mourning, all Beautie Deformitie: Here one dayes abiding is aboute the continuing in the most fortunate Estate on the Earth manie yeeres, and sufficient to conseruaile

teruaile the extreameſt tormentes of Life. But, although this Bliffe of Soules bee great, and their Ioyes many, yet ſhall they admit addition, and bee more full and perfect, at that long wiſhed and generall Reunion with their Bodies.

Amongſt all the wonders of the great Creator, not one appeareth to bee more wonderfull, nor more dazell the Eye of Reaſon (replied I) than that our Bodies ſhould ariſe, hauing ſuffered ſo manie changes, and Nature denying a returne from Privation to a Habit.

Such power (ſaid hee) beeing aboue all that that the Vnderſtanding of Man can conceaue, may well worke ſuch wonders; For, if Mans vnderſtanding could comprehend all the Secrets & Counſelles of that Eternall Maieſtie it would of neceſſity bee equall vnto it. The Author of Nature, is not thrall'd to the Lawes of Nature, but worketh with them, or contrarie to them, as it pleaſeth Him: What Hee hath a will to doe, Hee hath power to perſorme. To that Power, which brought all this round *All* from nought, to bring againe in one inſtant any Subſtance which euer was into it, vnto what it was once, ſhould not be thought impoſſible; For, who can doe more, can doe leſſe: and His power is no leſſe, after that which was by Him brought forth is decayed & vaniſhed, than it was before it was produced; beeing neither reſtrained to certaine limits, or Inſtrumetes, or to any determinate and definite manner of working: where the power is without reſtraint, the work admitteth no other limits, than the workers will. This VVorld is as a Cabinet to G O D, in which the ſmall things (how euer to vs hide and ſecret) are nothing leſſe kepted than the great. For, as Hee was wiſe and powerfull to create, ſo doth His Knowledge comprehend His own Creation; yea, euery change and variety in it, of which

it is the verie Source. Not any Atome of the scattered Dust of Mankinde, though dayly flowing vnder new Formes, is to him vnknowne: and His Knowledge doth distinguish and discerne, what once His power shall awake and raise vp. Why may not the Arts-master of the World, like a Molder, what hee hath framed in diuers Shapes, confound in one Masse, and then seuerally fashion on them againe out of the same? Can the Spagericke by his Arte restore for a space to the dry and withered Rose, the naturall Purple and Blush: And cannot the Almighty raise and refine the body of Man, after neuer so many alterations in the Earth? Reason her selfe findes it more possible for infinite power, to cast out from it selfe a finite world, and restore any thing in it, though decayed and dissolued, to what it was first; than for Man a finit peece of reasonable miserie, to change the forme of matter made to his hand; the power of GOD neuer brought forth all that it can, for then were it bounded and no more infinit. That Time doth approach (O haste yee Times away) in which the Dead shall liue, and the Liuing bee changed, and of all actions the Guerdon is at hand; Then shall their bee an end without an end, Time shall finish, and Place shall bee altered, Motion yeelding vnto Rest, and another World of an Age eternall and vnchangeable shall arise: Which when Hee had said (mee thought) Hee vanished, and I all astonished did awake,



On the Report of the Death of the Author.

IF that were true, which whispered is by Fame,
That Daimons, light no more on Earth doth burne,
His Patron Phoebus physicke would disclame,
And cloath'd in clouds as earst for Phaeton mourne?

Yea, Fame by this had got so deepe a Wound,
That scarce Shee could haue power to tell his Death,
Her Wings cutte short; who could her Trumpet sound,
Whose Blaze of late was nurc'd but by His breath?

That Spirit of His which most with mine was free,
By mutuall trafficke enterchanging Store,
If chac'd from Him it would haue com'd to mee,
Where it so oft familiare was before.

Some secret Griefe dislempering first my Minde,
Had (though not knowing) made mee feeble this losse:
A Sympathie had so our Soules combin'd,
That such a parting both at once would losse.

Though such Reportes to others terrour giue,
Thy heavenly Vertues who did neuer spie,
I know, Thou, that canst make the dead to liue,
Immortall art, and needes not feare to die.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

To S. W. A.

THough I haue twice beene at the Doores of *Death*,
 And twice found shoote those Gates which euer
 This but a lightning is, Truce tane to Breath, (mourne,
 For late borne Sorrowes augure fletce returne.

Amidst thy sacred Cares, and courtlie Toyles,
Alexis, when thou shalt heare wandring Fame
 Tell, *Death* hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoyles;
 And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;

If thou e're helde mee deare, by all our Loue,
 By all that Blisse, those loyes Heauen heere vs gaue,
 I conjure Thee, and by the Maides of *Ioue*,
 To graue this short Remembrance on my Graue,

Heere *Damon* lyes, whose Songes did sometime grace
 The murmuring *Eske*, may Roses shade the place,



To the Memorie of the
most excellent *Ladie*, I A N E
Countesse of *Perth*.

THis Beautie, which pale *Death* in Dust did turne;
And clos'd so soone within a Coffin sad,
Did passe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne,
So little Life so much of Worth it had!

Heauens but to show their Might heere made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the Worlds Disdaine
(O Teares, O Griefe!) did call it backe againe,
Lest Earth should vaunt Shee kept what was Diuine.

What can wee hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith fairest Things thus soonest haue their End;
And, as on Bodies Shadowes doe attend,
Sith all our Blisse is follow'd with Annoy:
Shee is not dead, Shee liues where shee did loue,
Her Memorie on Earth, Her Soule aboue.



To the obsequies of the
blessed Prince, IAMES,
King of great Britaine.

L Et holie *Dauid*, *Salomon* the Wise,
That King, Whose Brest *Ageris* did inflame,
Augustus, *Helenes* Sonne, Great in all Eyes,
Doe Homage low to thy mausolean Frame;
And bow before thy Laurell Anadeame
Let all Those sacred Swannes, which to the Skies
By neuer-dying Layes haue rail'd their Name,
From North to South, where Sunne doth set and rise,
Religion, orphan'd, wailleth o're thine Vine,
Out *Iustice* weepes her Eyes, now truely Blind;
In *Niobe's* the remnant *Virtues* turne:
Fame, but to blaze thy Glories, liues behind,
The World, which late was Golden by thy Breath,
Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by thy Death.





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